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FRANK LESLIE,

537 Pearl Street, New York.

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 7, 1871.

PARTY DISINTEGRATION.

From the West now comes up the alarm-cry that the great Republican party, which saved the nation, has accomplished its mission, spun its cocoon, and verges to dissolution. Missouri echoes the wail of Massachusetts. Schurz, like Jura to the Alps, responds to Butler. The first would perpetuate the party by accessions from the ranks of disfranchised rebels, through a magnanimous scheme of universal amnesty; and the second would drown all domestic and diverse interests in a savage war with Great Britain. Neither of these expedients will succeed. The Republican party is doomed—if really it be doomed, which we do not so clearly perceive—not because it has fully performed its mission, and, like the patriarch, his career ended, is ready to "depart in peace." If it be disintegrating, as it certainly and rapidly is, it is because it is weighed down, trammelled and thwarted by a President utterly incapable of comprehending public exigencies and requirements; who is equally inept and inert; who has surrounded himself by nobodies or noodles, camp-fire associates in the main, destitute of experience in governmental matters, and unfit, by habit and education, for the positions they occupy. We will venture to say, such is the utter obscurity of the men composing it, that, outside of the noble and self-sacrificing army of office-holders, there is not one man in one hundred thousand who can correctly call off the list of General Grant's Cabinet! Excepting Mr. Boutwell, there is not a man among them of more than a very local reputation, none of public reputation at all. There is another very worthy gentleman, who, we believe, has a residence in the city of New York, and who owes his place, if for any reason at all, to the fact of being a descendant of Rip Van Winkle through intermarriage with the family of Petrus Stuyvesant.

When we add to this empty array of the personnel of General Grant's "advisers" the unprecedented nepotism of which he is guilty, we are driven beyond surprise into alarm. The London Times recently sympathized with the Marquis of Lorne because of his (prospective) marriage with the Princess Louise. "It will debar him from public position and preferment, since his advancement in any department of the Government will be justly open to suspicion and criticism."

And what are we to think of a President who insists, to an almost unbearable degree, on cramming down the throat of his party and the people such a job as that of Santo Domingo? Has he ever consulted any intelligent and far-seeing statesmen on the subject? Not one! Ex-filibusters and adventurers like Fabens and Cazneau, and obscure cronies like Babcock, have had full possession of his ear, and, in spite of the clear condemnation of his project, in Congress and out of Congress, by the party that elected him, he still, with indecent pertinacity, insists on its adoption.

Of course, after such a war as was ours, we must expect, for at least one generation, to have every position of trust and emolument (especially the latter) filled with gentlemen "who have done the nation good service in the field," especially when the President himself is a soldier. The problem of how far a dashing *sabreur*, a successful raider, or even a very competent General, may be fitted for other avocations, for the Presidency, for diplomacy or for finance, is fast being solved, and in a way not hopeful, in the future, for the sword. The truth is, at home and abroad, the reputation of the country is weighed down by epauletted incompetence to the almost total ignoring of the services of men who were not in the field of active warfare, whether from age or other circumstances. General Grant's administration has become distasteful to a large portion of those who favored his election; and this feeling naturally reacts to the damage of the Republican party.

But the great trouble is beyond all these discouraging incidents. The insanity of a re-election has taken a fast hold on the President. As General-in-Chief of the United States, a rank to which circumstances, combined with undoubted merit, carried him, he would have reached and retained through life the highest position possible in his profession. Now, falling in being re-elected, he will be a hard-smoking, fast-horse-driving counterpart of the lamented Fillmore (is he alive or dead?) with the privilege, if Franking be not abolished, of sending and receiving his letters free.

Thus much for men traveling out of their record, and forcing the party who elected them to acquiesce in stupid personal schemes and ambitions, or to go into liquidation. The office-holders will, of course, support the

President in any and all of the inanities of which he is capable—and his capacity in this direction is infinite—and a certain portion of the Republicans will support him, with reference to favors to come. But the remainder of the party will retire—shall we not say, have retired?—quietly and in disgust from his support, become lukewarm in their own cause, and rather welcome than otherwise any possible change, even if it be to that of a Democratic ascendancy—of the beauties of which we in New York have so illustrious an example.

And if the Republican party dissolves, as it is not improbable it may, the result will only be another illustration of the folly of yielding to "expediency," and of taking a man from a position for which he was fit, and putting him in one for which, from habit, education, experience and every other cause, he was totally incompetent. Good carpenters never attempt to force round pegs into square holes.

THE MORMON BULL TAKEN BY
THE HORNS.

The time has at last arrived when Mormonism must squarely encounter National legislation energetically administered; and it will shortly be seen whether the mongrel Church-and-State system heretofore prevalent in Utah can much longer successfully resist the enforcement of equal and just laws framed for the government of all the Territories of the Union. The hesitating, vacillating course of the National authorities in former years, together with the schemes of rebels and other political schismatics, emboldened the Mormon rulers to pursue a course which can no longer be tolerated. National legislation and Executive action are now at last brought to bear in a way that will speedily terminate a condition of things in Utah which has too long disgraced the land.

During his short term of service, before death removed him from position in Utah, Governor Shafer initiated efficient measures for abating existing evils. The National law of 1862 forbade military organizations outside of the legal militia system, yet the Mormons have ever since continued their warlike preparations. Governor Shafer issued a proclamation calling their attention to that law, and declaring that punishment must follow any further disregard of its provisions. As "the Saints" treated law and proclamation with equal contempt, Governor Shafer's successor caused the arrest of several of the Mormon militia officers, for the purpose of showing promptly, by the action of the United States Courts in Utah, whether this insolence and insubordination shall be any longer tolerated by the American people.

The Territorial Legislature, managed by Brigham Young and his colleagues, threw so many obstacles in the way of the United States Courts, that judicial efforts have long been almost wholly nullified in matters where Mormon interests were concerned. Such things are no more. The National judges, district attorneys and marshals now act without reference to the Territorial attorney-general and other officers elected by the Mormon Legislature. It is no longer in the power of the latter to paralyze the National Judges, and trample on the National laws, by filling jury-boxes with their own tools, or by failure to execute the National laws and judicial decisions. The law against polygamy would be powerless in a jury of Mormons.

Another important point may be mentioned in illustration of the righteous spirit now making itself manifest in Utah. The United States Chief Judge refuses to naturalize any of the Mormon polygamists, declaring that, as they are upholders of a practice denounced by the laws of the United States (saying nothing of the objections on other points), such persons cannot be admitted to citizenship under a statute which requires the Judge to ascertain whether the applicants are "men of good moral character, attached to the principles of the Constitution of the United States, and well disposed to the good order of the same," etc. What gives particular point to these judicial decisions is the way that the applicants replied to the Judge's questions, one saying that it was none of his business to inquire about his polygamous operations, and another broadly declaring that he considered polygamy a religious matter, in which the law of God is paramount to human legislation, etc.

The truth is obvious enough that Mormonism is a politico-sectarian system incompatible with the spirit and letter of our democratic-republican institutions; and as the ringleaders of this polygamous concern become satisfied they can no longer bamboozle the National authorities, nor hope for admission as a State of the Union while they consider polygamy and other Mormon doctrines paramount to our National laws, the probability increases that their seat will, as we said some time ago, soon seek for isolation and independence in some Pacific island, just as they formerly sought refuge for similar reasons amid the Rocky Moun-

tains. When the question of removal to some other land was brought up in Utah not long ago, the majority of "the Saints" were adverse to the project—"they would stay where they are." Now that they can no longer have almost everything their own way, the subject of migration will present itself in a very different light. A new "revelation" on that subject will probably soon settle the question. The Mormons could soon make a notable mark in the world, if congregated in some great island or archipelago of the Pacific Ocean.

THE FISHERY QUESTION.

We suppose we shall always have some kind of a "difficulty" with Great Britain as long as she holds, directly or indirectly, any territory on this continent. The latest "unpleasantness" is in regard to the Fisheries on the coasts of the New Dominion, and as it involves important interests, it may become serious. But there ought really to be no trouble in adjusting all points of difference and silencing all complaints. This is not to be done by the bluster of General Butler, on one side, nor by precipitous and vexatious seizures and confiscations on the other.

As a matter of common sense, sea-fisheries ought to be open to all comers, for the ports in their neighborhood can gain but little by exclusion, while they may gain much by attracting to their waters foreign and other vessels. If the inhabitants be energetic, their proximity to the fishing-grounds will give them the advantage over all comers, and no interests that we can perceive are likely to be served by straining the law against foreign boats. When the United States became independent, the third clause in the treaty which ended the war gave the citizens the right they had before enjoyed as British colonists to fish unmolested on the banks of Newfoundland, and on the coasts, bays and creeks of all the British dominions in North America. Another war supervened, and the peace of Ghent ended that in 1814. When the American Commissioners met, they were informed by the British Government that England did not intend to continue the former fishing privilege, but as the Commissioners had no authority to treat on the subject, no allusion to the fishery question was contained in that treaty. After a long diplomatic correspondence, as to whether the right conferred in the original Treaty of Independence could by the war have been abrogated, wherein both sides maintained their positions, in 1818 an agreement was concluded as a compromise, whereby permission was granted to fish anywhere on the coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador, the United States renouncing the liberty its citizens had before enjoyed to take fish within three miles of the coasts of other British possessions in America. Then came the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854, which restored the old right, throwing all the waters open without regard to the distance from shore. But the Reciprocity Treaty was annulled by the President in 1865, and with it that concession. Several questions are involved: the first relates to bays and creeks.

All international law is agreed in conceding to a country the sovereignty of the sea washing its shore to the distance of a cannon-shot, which has been accepted to extend three miles. But how is that three miles to be counted? Certainly where the headlands from point to point are six miles—that is, within the recognized three miles from each. But what if they are twenty or a hundred miles apart? Is the line still to be drawn from point to point, and the fisherman excluded from the bay, or is he to be permitted to enter and fish all round outside the prescribed distance of three miles from the shore? This is the first controverted point, Great Britain maintaining the straight line theory, and the United States limiting the exclusion to the three miles from shore only. Then arise a number of difficult international questions, the foremost being—did the 3d Article in the treaty of 1783 create what is known in international law as a "public servitude," one of those agreements recognized as being unaffected by war, such as a cession of territory, a line of frontier; or, was it one of those commercial conventions always destroyed on the outbreak of hostilities between two countries? The United States maintain the former, Great Britain the latter—the one insisting that it existed in full force during and after the war of 1813, and the other that it was annulled by that war. Then comes the next question: On what status was the fishery subject placed when the President of the United States terminated the Reciprocity Treaty? Did it revert to the compromise of 1818? It will be seen that this fishery business has plenty of material in it for a quarrel, if the nations are disposed to fight, though there are few people, either in the United States or in the British dominions, who either know or care anything about the matter. It is a New Brunswick and Nova Scotia "dog-in-the-manger" question. It enabled Canada to retort on the United States the abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty,

and it gives politicians like General Butler something out of which to make political capital.

Sea-fish are produced, fed and come to maturity without the aid or interference of anybody, and nobody can claim right of proprietorship in them. A solution of the whole difficulty should result from this simple and incontrovertible proposition, and without diplomatic quibbles.

THE Santo Domingo job came up in the Senate a few days ago, on a motion of Senator Morton to authorize the appointment of certain Commissioners to go to Santo Domingo and spy out the land—a suggestion emanating from the President, and intended to prepare the way for annexation, by Joint Resolution, as in the case of Texas. A number of Senators, who, like Mr. Edmonds of Vermont, are hostile to the whole transaction, were, nevertheless, disposed to let the persistent President have his way, at least to the extent of sending out his Commissioners, who, as a matter of course, would be nobodies, and incapable by character or education of producing the slightest effect on the public mind. Senator Thurman of Ohio, the prospective Democratic candidate for the Presidency, and the acknowledged leader of the forlorn hope of that party in the Senate, supported Senator Schurz and others in their almost contemptuous opposition to the President's pet scheme. He reminded the Senate that Santo Domingo could not be annexed as a Territory, but must come in, if at all, as a State, the Constitution making no provision for the annexation of foreign territory other than as a State. The question, therefore, was: Would the Senate recede from its position and admit Santo Domingo without one man out of every 10,000 there being able to speak the English language, or having the slightest idea of our institutions? The resolution was objectionable in its details. The President was to select his own men as Commissioners, without a word of consent by the Senate. He was to appoint men without compensation. This feature Mr. Thurman regarded rather as an objection than otherwise. Who would go to Santo Domingo without compensation unless he was a jobber or a tool of jobbers? The appointment of army officers was equally objectionable.

A MASSACHUSETTS agriculturist, who has recently traveled in the treeless regions of the "Far West," mentions facts which tend to weaken, if not to overturn, the theories of those who hold that the great plains can never be made to bear timber. Although the trees that do grow naturally in those parts are so stunted and distorted as to lead to the conclusion that the climate is utterly opposed to the growth of anything better, yet plantations have been made in Eastern Kansas which are as flourishing as could be desired; a ten years' growth having produced handsome trees fifty feet in height. The most valuable among these are oak, hickory, and black walnut. It is found, too, that fruit trees, including the grape-vine, thrive and yield abundantly in sheltered situations. Is this to be regarded as the beginning of planting operations which, in course of years, will cover all the wild wastes with timber up to the foot of the Rocky Mountains? What a grand compensation that would be for the loss of the forests which are fast falling before the ax in the Middle States!

SINCE Mr. Major, of the British Museum, first edited the letters of Christopher Columbus for the Hakluyt Society in 1847, he has made two or three discoveries of importance with respect to Columbus. The vexed question of the date of Columbus's birth has been ascertained to be 1446-47, by reference to three statements made by Columbus himself at widely different times and under totally independent circumstances. Next, the point where Columbus first anchored in the New World is now for the first time shown to be the south-east corner of Watling's Island. Then, the date of the English discovery of the *terra firma* of America, under the Cabots, is shown to be without doubt 1497, not 1494, as is positively stated by others. Another matter is one of bibliographical as well as historical interest, namely, that the first edition of the first letters of Columbus, containing the news of his great discovery, is that printed by Plaunck at Rome in 1493, an edition which never has yet had that honor assigned to it by any bibliographer.

COLONEL HIGGINSON, who, it will be remembered, commanded the First South Carolina Volunteers (negro) during the late war, reaches, from close and practical observation, the general conclusion of the physical as well as the mental inferiority of the negro race. Colonel Higginson says of the negro lack of physical strength: "Their weakness is pulmonary; pneumonia and pleurisy are their besetting ailments; they are easily made ill, and easily cured, if promptly treated; childish organizations again. Guard duty injures them more than whites apparently; and double-quick

movements in choking dust set them coughing badly. But then it is to be remembered that this is their sickly season, from January to March, and that their healthy season will come in summer, when the whites break down. Still my conviction of the physical superiority of the more highly civilized races is strengthened, on the whole, not weakened, by observing them."

THE French Academy has called on all the learned societies of Europe to join in a general protest against a bombardment of Paris, lest it might endanger the magnificent collections of literature and art in that capital. To this appeal we hear of only one response, and that is from England. We are tempted to inquire who burnt Washington and looted Delhi? And who sacked the Summer Palace at Peking? Foul birds sometimes come home to roost.

A BASKET OF GOOD THINGS.

NEW YEAR'S morning is frosty and clear (Our artist, I hope, is a truthful seer, For the young year visits us, now and again, In a mantle of fog, or drizzling rain): At all events, in the picture here, The *four de l'an* is frosty and clear. So over the crisp and sparkling snow Jenny and Lucy together go, Sensibly shod, and wrapped up warm, While Jenny carries upon her arm A store of nice things by way of a treat; Some of them doubtless good to eat— For the poor should be thought of on New Year's Day.

But what would Father Matthew say, Sweet Jane, if he saw that bottle at top? Let's hope it is nothing but ginger-pop. Shall I put the question?—no, I won't ask it; I'll guess at the contents of your basket. Well, first, that obnoxious bottle contains Port wine, rare balm for nursing pains: Then a pound of tea—if good, I'm glad, For village tea is apt to be bad. Loaf-sugar to match, small groceries next— Now I hope, dear Jenny, you won't be vex'd, But if you have popped in some bird's-eye or twist

For the old man's pipe, you deserve to be kiss'd.

Remove these items, and underneath We shall find some dainties for children's teeth.

Then Lucy has brought a wonderful lamb That bleats to the life when you press its stand;

A Jack-in-the-box, with a hideous face, A doll, with an air of languishing grace, And dolly's wardrobe, with movable shelves. Lastly, the girls have brought themselves, Two joyous creatures, whose innocent prattle Will cheer the old man for a new year of battle—

The hard-fought battle of labor and sorrow Which he must begin again on the morrow!

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"A Friend in Need."

Human nature prompts an active sympathy for the unfortunate. It is only a vitiated mind that discerns pleasure in another's trouble. The world will never know how much suffering and privation, how many incidents of tenderest pathos, or how many sacrifices that equal any of those for which the old Roman matrons became famous, have fallen to the lot of the men and women shut up in once beautiful Paris. Now and then we get a glimpse, painful indeed, that makes us almost worship the determined heroism manifested; and though our views are limited, they are associated with that close investment which renders one a representative of many. To the family thinned by the calls of country for men, young and old, the carrier-pigeon—whose wonderful instinct brings to it man's heartiest sympathy and woman's fondest care—comes from "beyond the lines," a most worthy friend in agonizing need. Its wicker house stands, with opened door, upon the terraced wall. Long looked for, the tiny black speck that swept through the air, increasing in size and apparently in speed, is recognized by the sorrowful sisters, who hasten to receive the small, yet hardy messenger. One of the sisters steps forward, and opens her hands for the faithful bird's shelter. The other shades her eyes and peers upward, as if trying to read the message while the bird is on the wing. Eagerness and sadness are strongly developed by the artist, and the reality of the pathos is far more impressive than any ideal could be.

Prussia.—Napoleon and his Friends at Wilhelmshöhe.

The detention of Napoleon at the beautiful palace of Wilhelmshöhe has been made as agreeable for him as the circumstances of war would permit. Taking no active part in the designs or movements of the French army, his mind is more at rest than it has been for many years, and his general health much improved. He still observes his healthy habit of walking, and few pleasant spots could be chosen for quiet, uninterrupted pedestrianism than the luxuriant grounds surrounding his temporary home. He seldom walks alone here, finding pleasant occupation in conversing with the officers who have remained with him. Our engraving represents him on one of his walks, leaning upon the arm of General Casteleau. In the party we see the faces of Princes Murat and Ney, Generals Pajol and De Genlis, his private secretary, Francis Pietri, and his household physician, Dr. Conneau.

France.—American and English Residents Leaving Paris.

Through the incessant labors of United States Minister Washburne, means of egress for citizens of the United States and England from the beleaguered capital were until quite lately rendered comparatively easy, considering the close investment of the city. Carriages were provided to transport refugees to the enemy's lines, were a brief halt was usually made, and the formality of searching baggage prosecuted. Thence the vehicles proceeded unmolested, until they

struck the Western Railroad line for Havre. The engraving shows a party of ladies and gentlemen taking leave of their friends, when about departing from the city.

Last Hours of the French Army at Sedan.

When the French soldiers received intelligence of their surrender at Sedan, there were alarming demonstrations of surprise and dissatisfaction. During the excitement that followed the receipt of the news, many soldiers broke open the liquor vaults, seized as many bottles as they could carry, and rushing into the streets, entered into a riotous spree. Their officers strove hard to arrest the spirit of insubordination, but for a long time the intoxicated men held their ground, shrieking and fighting fiercely.

England.—Archery Practice in Regent's Park, London.

One striking characteristic of our English cousins, is their great fondness for out-door exercise, and in the pursuit of this will be found the secret of their ruddy cheeks and robust constitutions. The turf, the water and the private lawn contribute about equal attractions, while the latter affords special amusement and recreation for ladies and children. Croquet had a charm for ladies which was highly appreciated; but ladies, like men, desire changes, and the old practice of archery has become a most agreeable one. During pleasant weather parties congregate among the trees in Regent's Park, London, where ample accommodations are afforded for trials of skill, sight, patience and nerve. Lawn-parties having the same object in view have become exceedingly popular.

England.—Cattle Show at Birmingham.

The recent cattle and poultry show held at Birmingham contained many interesting specimens of animal culture, but none more noticeable than the group of pigs here illustrated. They ought certainly to feel satisfaction at the treatment they receive, and their easy mode of existence. They are well fed, and as their only business is to grow fat, they concern themselves but little about exercise. In fact, walking would be an accomplishment almost beyond their power, so conscientious are they in the discharge of the one simple duty they owe their owners. These prize porkers attracted much attention, as indeed would any creatures, ovine, bovine or human, that could eat so much and still live.

OUR NEW YEAR'S GIFT TO OUR READERS.

INTERESTING PRINT FOR FRAMING.

WITH this number we present, gratuitously, to our readers a large and finely executed Supplement, being a view of the cozy room at Gad's Hill, in which the lamented Charles Dickens composed his wonderfully thrilling expositions of human nature. It was his custom to make use, on different occasions, of three several apartments in his house as work-rooms, just as inclination or convenience dictated, but it was in his "Study," as he called the room here presented, that his chief literary labors were performed. It was a bright cheerful place, brilliantly lighted by three great windows occupying one side of it, in front of which was the desk at which Dickens sat, undazzled, in such a blaze of light as would have made anybody else in the world giddy and bewildered. Ranged in front of, and round about him, were a variety of objects which were always there for his eye to rest on in the intervals of actual writing, and any one of which he would have instantly missed had it been removed. There was a French bronze group which was exceedingly humorous, representing a duel with swords, fought by a couple of very fat toads. There was another bronze figure which always stood near the toads, also of French manufacture, and also full of comic suggestion. It was a statuette of a dog-fancier, with a profusion of little dogs stuck under his arms and into his pockets, and everywhere where little dogs could possibly be luscinated, all for sale.

Those who have had access to the room in which Dickens wrote, and who have had opportunities of noting the familiar odds and ends of which his desk furniture consisted, will remember many other items in the collection. There was the long gilt leaf, with the rabbit sitting erect upon its hanches, the huge paper-knife, often held in his hand during his public readings, and the little fresh green cup, ornamented with the leaves and blossoms of the cowslip, in which a few fresh flowers were always placed every morning—for Dickens invariably worked with flowers on his writing-table. Nor must the register of the day of the week and of the month, which stood always before him, be forgotten. Wherever he worked this was on his desk, and when the room in which he wrote his last paragraph was opened, some time after his death, the first thing to be noticed by those who entered was this register, set at "Wednesday, June 8"—the day of his seizure. Of course there were numbers of other small matters on his desk—the big ink-bottle full of blue ink, the quill pen with which he always wrote, the pencil, the india-rubber, and the pincushion—that indispensable adjunct to a writing-table, of which every editor knows the value.

One other characteristic feature of the Gad's Hill library will be forgotten by no one who has ever been in the room. Let into the door of the apartment, and introduced into other nooks and corners where there was not sufficient depth of wall for the reception of real books, were several rows of sham volumes, the titles of which were devised by Dickens himself, and some of which were exceedingly grotesque and funny, as, "Was Shakespeare's Mother Fat?" and "Had Shakespeare's Uncle a Singing Face?"

These book titles, like some other small details already spoken of as connected with Dickens's "Study," could not be represented in the accompanying drawing. The main points of the scene are, however, conspicuous enough—the big windows with the view outside, on which his eyes rested so often, sometimes doubtless unconscious of what was before them—the desk over which he bent in the breathless

strain of mental labor, and the chair from which, when the day of such labor had terminated, he would rise elated or depressed, as even the most exalted of geniuses always must be, just in proportion to the greater or less degree of success which has attended his day's work.

The "Study" has been most skillfully and faithfully rendered, as all who remember it will admit, in the present sketch, which, it may be mentioned, is the production of Mr. S. L. Fildes, the artist who was especially selected by Mr. Dickens to illustrate his latest work—a fact which imparts an additional interest to the drawing itself.

Besides this interior study, as most of Dickens's readers know, a secluded part of the shrubbery at Gad's Hill sheltered a *châlet*, given to him by his friend Fechter, and which was sent over from France in no less than ninety pieces, all numbered with true French precision, and fitting together like the joints in a puzzle. The upper room in this *châlet* was his ordinary summer study, but as it had no fireplace, he could only use it when the weather was warm.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

"THE BLACK CROOK" was produced at the Boston Adelphi Theatre, on the 19th.

"JEZEEL" is the title of Mr. Dion Boucicault's latest play—a piece of French origin.

"THE SEVEN CHAMPIONS," as well as "Joan of Arc," is in preparation at Wood's Museum, New York.

THE burlesque, "Across the Continent," has been received with much favor at Hooley's Opera House, Brooklyn.

LAURA KEENE is to commence an engagement at Lina Edwin's Theatre, New York, about the middle of January.

THE favorite juvenile spectacle, "Cinderella," has been brought out again at the New York Circus for the Holiday season. As a fairy piece it is one of the best little folks could see.

Mlle. AIMEE, "direct from Paris by balloon," made her debut at the Grand Opera House, New York, on the 21st ult., as Boulotte, in Offenbach's "Barbe Bleue," opera bouffe being revived for the holiday season.

Mrs. F. W. LANDER began an engagement at the Albany (N. Y.) Academy of Music on the 16th, for two weeks. Her rendition of the characters of Queen Elizabeth, and Mary Queen of Scots, was specially gratifying.

"SARATOGA" was performed, for the first time on any stage, at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, on the 21st ult. It is a farce in five acts, and revives many thoughts of ludicrous situations at the watering-place each season.

THE annual performance of "The Messiah" by the New York Harmonic Society took place at Steinway Hall on the 26th ult. Miss Brainerd, Mr. Barry (of Boston), Mr. Simpson and Mr. Joseph Jewett sustained the principal parts.

MR. LAWRENCE BARRETT, who created a favorable impression by his recent performances at Niblo's Garden, New York, has been engaged to play the character of De Mauprat in "Richelieu," to be produced at Booth's Theatre on January 9th, 1871.

THE success of the revival of the "Black Crook" at Niblo's seems now to be an established fact. With the dancing of Cora Adrienne and Bonfanti, the scenery of Voeglin, the music of Opert and the thousand and one spectacular attractions, it is easy to account for the crowded houses.

At the concert of the New York Philharmonic Society, on the 17th ult., Dr. James Peck, the conductor, gave the orchestra and audience a surprise by presenting them with copies of a very cleverly written brochure, giving the life of Beethoven and some bold but well-founded remarks on his works.

AN interesting concert will be given at Lyric Hall, New York, on Wednesday evening, January 25, 1871, by Miss Johanna Simmons, a young lady who gives promise of much excellence as a vocalist. She will be assisted by Mlle. Clara Perle, Herr Remmert, Henry C. Timm, and Mr. Eben, with his select orchestra.

THE Euterpe Musical Association of New York has already acquired a fine reputation. The second concert was given at Association Hall, last week, when a full and unique programme was presented. The "Trio of Goldmark" was played with much delicacy, and the choral efforts exhibited fine voices and careful study.

MISS VIENNA DEMOREST, a charming young soprano and composer of rare ability, appeared for the first time in public at a recent concert in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, and gave promise of becoming a bright star of the concert stage. One of her songs, "Birdie," has been accepted by Mlle. Nilsson, and included in her repertoire.

SIGNOR RONCONI gave another of his choice operatic entertainments, on the evening of the 21st ult., in the theatre of the Union League Club, New York. The rollicking opera of "Crispino e la Comare" was presented—Ronconi assuming the title-role. Miss A. B. Hall sustained very creditably the part of Annetta. The chorus was composed wholly of male voices, and was a fine and novel performance. The next opera will be given January 11.

LITTLE OLLIE, a son of Mr. Oliver B. Goldsmith, only six years of age, who has not yet learned to read, but who delivers whole scenes from Shakespeare and other dramatic authors with remarkable accuracy and effect, at the request of a number of prominent citizens, headed by the Hon. A. Oakey Hall, gave two public recitals at Chickering's Hall, in Fourteenth street, on December 21st and 23d, when he received the musical aid of several well-known artists.

THE first of a series of grand organ concerts was given on the 21st ult., at Zion Church, New York, under the conductorship of Mr. George F. Bristow. The programme comprised selections from Bach, Rossini, Haydn, Beethoven and Sappho. The "Pro Peccatis" was well sung by Mr. H. W. Beckett, and the solo "With Verdure Clad," by Miss Henrietta Beebe, who was in unusually good voice. Mrs. Jenny Kempton sang Hodge's plaintive ballad, "The Rose-bush," with great feeling, and afterward, with Miss Beebe, gave a vigorous rendering of the "Quis Est Homo."

THE centenary birthday of Beethoven was celebrated in New York by the Beethoven Mass-chor, by a performance of "Fidelio," at the Academy of Music, on December 16th, with the following cast: Fidelio, Madame Louise Lichtmayr; Marcelline, Miss Romer; Rocco, Adolph Franosch; Pizarro, Eduard Viorling; Florestan, Carl Bernard; Jaquino, Theodore Habelmann; Minister, Math. Staudt. There was a chorus of one hundred and fifty voices, and a full orchestra under the conductorship of Adolph Neuen-dorf. On the 17th they gave a concert and banquet at their new hall in Fifth street, which was also dedicated by the same performance.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 275.



FRANCE.—"A FRIEND IN NEED."



ENGLAND.—LADIES AT ARCHERY-PRACTICE IN REGENT'S PARK, LONDON.



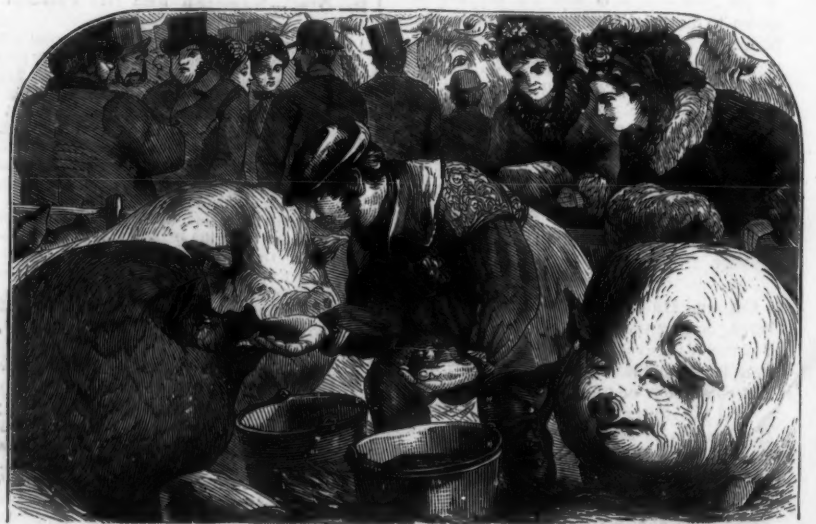
WILHELMSHÜHE.—THE EX-EMPEROR NAPOLEON TAKING EXERCISE IN THE PALACE PARK, WITH PRINCES MURAT AND NEY, DR. CONNEAU, FAJOL, CASTELNAU, AND OTHER FRIENDS.



INSIDE PARIS.—AMERICAN AND ENGLISH RESIDENTS, THROUGH THE EXERTIONS OF MINISTER WASHBURN, EFFECTING THEIR HEGIRA FROM THE INVESTED CAPITAL.



FRANCE.—THE FRENCH TROOPS IN SÉDAN, ON RECEIPT OF NEWS OF THE SURRENDER, INTOXICATING THEMSELVES AND HOLDING AN ORGIE OF DESPERATION.



ENGLAND.—"SWINISH BLISS."—FEEDING THE SHOW-PIGS WITH BARLEY-MEAL, AT THE BIRMINGHAM CATTLE AND POULTRY SHOW, DECEMBER, 1870.



NEW YEAR'S (NIGHT) RECEPTION: "HOME LATE."—DESIGN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.—SEE PAGE 283.

SOME LEGENDS OF THE NEW ENGLAND COAST.

By MRS. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.
ILLUSTRATED

THE TRUE ACCOUNT OF CAPTAIN KIDD,

THE islands about the harbors of all our New England rivers are so wild, and would seem to have offered so many advantages, that they have always been supposed, by the ruder population, to be the hiding-place of piratical treasures, and particularly of Captain Kidd's; and the secretion, among rocks and sands, of chests of jewels stripped from noble Spanish ladies who have walked the awful plank, with shot-bags full of diamonds, and ingots of pure gold, is one of the tenets of the vulgar faith. This belief has ranged up and down the whole shore with more freedom than the pirates ever did, and the legends on the subject are legion—from the old Frenchman of Passamaquoddy Bay to the wild stories of the Jersey and Carolina sandbars too countless for memory, the Fireship off Newport, the Shrieking Woman of Marblehead, and the Lynn Mariner who, while burying his treasure in a cave, was sealed up alive by a thunderbolt that cleft the rock, and whom some one, under spiritual inspiration, spent lately a dozen years in vain endeavor to unearth. The parties that have equipped themselves with hazel-rods and spades, and proceeded, at the dead of night, in search of these riches, without turning their heads or uttering the Divine Name, and, digging till they struck metal, have met with all manner of ghostly appearances, from the little naked negro sitting and crying on the edge of the hoghead of doubloons, to the ball of fire sailing straight up the creek, till it hangs trembling on the tide just opposite the excavation into which it shoots with the speed of lightning, so terrifying and bewildering the treasure-seekers that when all is over they fail to find again the place of their late labor—the parties that have met with these adventures would, perhaps, cease to waste much more of their time in such pursuits in this part of the country if they knew that Captain Kidd had never landed north of Block Island until, with fatal temerity, he brought his vessel into Boston, and that every penny of his gains was known and was accounted for, while as to Bradish Ten and the rest of that gang, they wasted everything as they went in riotous living, and could never have had a dollar to hide, and no disposition to hide it if they had; and whatever they did possess they took with them when, quietly abandoning their ships to the officers of the law, they went up the creeks and rivers in boats, and dispersed themselves throughout the country.

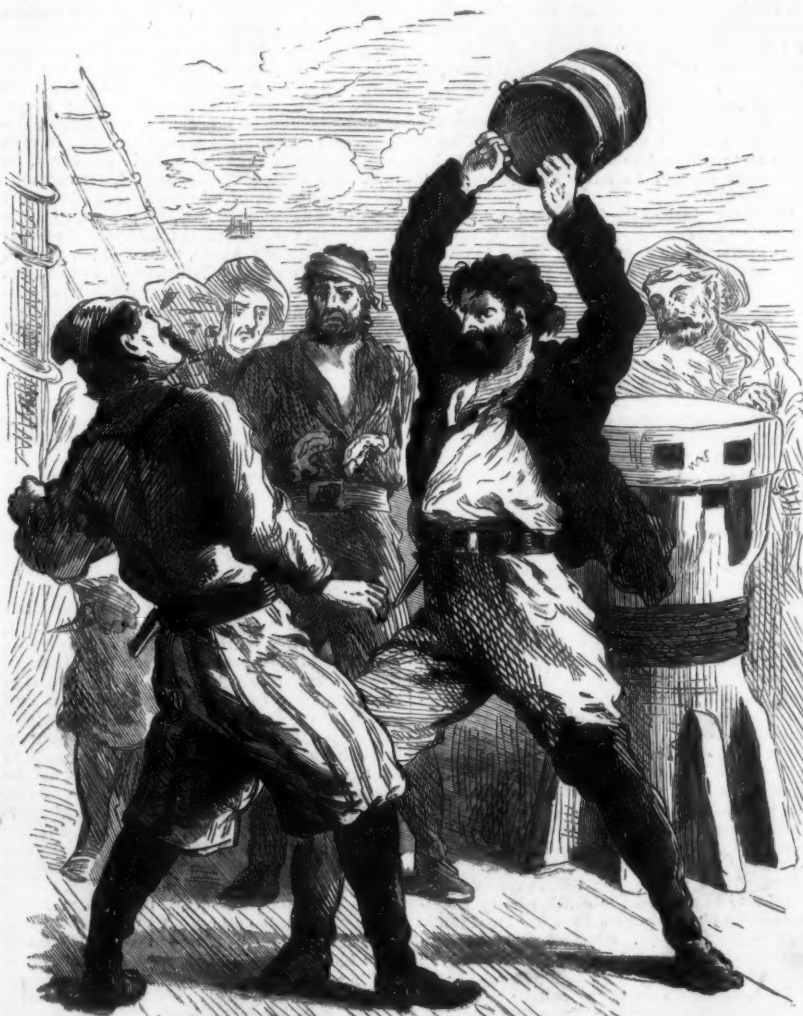
Ever since the time of Jason there have been sea-robbers, and at one period they so infested the Mediterranean—owning a thousand galleys and four hundred cities, it is said—that Pompey

was sent out with a fleet and a force of soldiery to extirpate them. In later times there were tribes of lawless men associated together in hunting the cattle of the West Indian islands, curing the flesh, and exchanging it in adjacent settlements; they held all property in common, and were called Buccaneers, from the word

"boucan," a Carib term for preserved meat. By the mistaken policy of the viceroys of the islands, who, in order to reduce them to less lawless lives, exterminated all the cattle, these men were driven to the sea, and became in time the celebrated freebooters, or "Brethren of the Coast." The bull of Pope Alexander VI.,

by authority of which Spain and Portugal claimed all American discoveries, caused England, France and the Netherlands to combine in the Western Hemisphere, whatever quarrels came to hand in the Eastern, and to ravage the common enemy—so that letters-of-marque were constantly issued by them to all adventurers, without requiring any condemnation of prizes or account of proceedings, by which means these countries virtually created a system of piracy, and Sir Francis Drake's sack of St. Domingo, and the subsequent pillage of Pernambuco, were in nowise different from the exploits of the brutal Oronoiz, Van Horn, and Brodely, upon the opulent Spanish cities of the Main. As the trade with the East and West Indies increased, these freebooters ceased to sail under any color but their own, the black flag; no longer left their ships to march through tropical swamps and forests, to float on rafts down rivers of a hundred cataracts, to scale mountains, and fall, as if out of the clouds, on the devoted cities of the Isthmus of Darien, the silver and gold of whose cathedrals, palaces and treasure-houses were worth the labor; nor did they confine themselves on sea to overhauling the Spanish galleon sitting deep in the water with her lading from the Mexican and Peruvian mines; but they made their attacks on the great slow ship of the Asiatic waters, and when their suppression became vital to commerce, and all powers united against them, they possessed themselves of sumptuous retreats in Madagascar and the Indian Ocean, where they had their seraglios, and lived in fabulous splendor and luxury. As this race, hunted on sea and enervated on land, died out, their place was taken by others, and expeditions came gradually to be fitted out from the colonies of New England, while Virginia, the Carolinas, and even the Quakers of Philadelphia, afforded them a market for their robberies. When these also in their time abandoned their profession, they made their homes, some in the Carolinas, some in Rhode Island, and some on the south shore of Long Island, where their descendants are among the most respectable of the community.

To none of these did Captain Kidd belong; and, previous to the last two years of his life, he was esteemed a good citizen, and as honest a sea-captain as ever sailed out of New York, to which place he belonged, and where, in the Surrogate's office, is still preserved his marriage certificate, that classifies him as Gentleman. During the war with France he had been master of a ship in the neighborhood of the Caribbean Sea, and had valiantly come to the assistance of a British man-of-war, and the two together had vanquished a fleet of six French frigates; it was testified upon his trial that he had been a mighty man in the West Indies, and that he had refused to go a pirateering, upon which his men had seized his ship; and it was on account of his public services there that the General Assembly of New York had paid him a bounty of one hundred and fifty pounds—a great sum in those days; and the probability



THE TRUE ACCOUNT OF CAPTAIN KIDD.

"KIDD SNATCHED UP AN IRON-BOUND BUCKET AND STRUCK WILLIAM MOORE A BLOW ON THE HEAD, OF WHICH HE DIED NEXT DAY."

is, that, being made a bone of contention between political parties, exactly what he was applauded for doing at one time he was hung for doing at another.

The American seas being greatly troubled by pirates, early in 1695 the King summoned the Earl of Bellomont before him, and told him that, having come to the determination to put an end to the increasing piratical tendencies of his colonies, he had chosen him as the most suitable person to be invested with the government of New York and New England. The earl at once set about devising the readiest means for the execution of the King's purpose, and Robert Livingston, chancing then to be in London, and being acquainted with the earl, introduced to him William Kidd, who, having left his wife and children in New York, was also then in London, as a person who had secured some fame in engagements with the French, a man of honor and intrepidity, and one who, knowing the haunts of the pirates, was very fit to command the expedition against them which Bellomont and others were planning. Livingston became Kidd's surety, a kindness that the latter always remembered, as he threatened, on his return two years afterward, to sell his sloop, and indemnify Livingston out of the proceeds, if Bellomont did not surrender the bond.

It was at first proposed that Kidd should have a British frigate, but hardly daring to give him that—which hesitation in itself indicates how far the great lords were really implicated in his transactions—a ship was purchased for six thousand pounds, Kidd and Livingston being at one-fifth of the expense, and the rest being borne by the Earls of Bellomont and Romney, the Lord Chancellor Somers, the Lord High Admiral, the Duke of Shrewsbury, and Sir Edward Harrison, and they agreed to give the King, who entered into it very heartily, a tenth of the profits of the affair. Kidd was somewhat averse to the plan, and seriously demurred, it is believed, but was threatened by the men of power that his own ship should be detained and taken from him if he persisted, and accordingly he yielded, and in 1695 was regularly commissioned under two separate parchments, one to cruise against the French, and the other—an extraordinary one, but issued under the Great Seal, empowering him to proceed against the pirates of the American seas, and really given for the purpose of authorizing him to dispose of such property as he might capture. He had orders to render his accounts to the Earl of Bellomont, remotely and securely in New England; and the Adventure Galley, a private armed ship of thirty guns and eighty men, was brought to the buoy in the Nore at the latter end of February, and on the 23d of April, 1696, he sailed in her from Plymouth, reaching New York in July, and bringing in a French ship, valued at three hundred and fifty pounds, which he had taken on the passage, and which he there condemned.

In New York he invited men to enter his service, by notices posted in the streets, and presenting large offers of booty after forty shares for himself and the ship should be deducted; and increasing his crew to more than one hundred and fifty men, he went to Madeira, then to several of the West Indian ports, and afterward to Madagascar, the coast of Malabar, and to Bab's Key, an island at the entrance of the Red Sea, where he lay in wait for the Mocha fleet, then preparing to sail. It is evident that he went outside of his nominal instructions by thus leaving the American for the Asiatic waters; but it is also evident that he understood he was to be supported by the people of power who were behind him at home, and believed himself to be only following out their intentions; and the man who had been encouraged to rob one ship had not, perhaps, sufficient refinement of discrimination to think any different matter of robbing another. Moreover, having come across and captured no vessel since leaving New York, he might naturally have felt that his owners were expecting more of him, and thus have resolved on something desperate. At any rate he did not consider himself to be going outside of his duty, or to be appearing in any questionable light, when, on his voyage out, he met the ship carrying the ambassador to the Great Mogul, and exchanged courtesies therewith.

Tired out with his want of success, when anchored at Bab's Key, he sent boats to bring the first news of the sailing of the Mocha fleet, established a lookout on the hills of the island, and told his men that now he would freight the Adventure Galley with gold and silver when the fleet came out, though it was found that many of its ships belonged to friendly nations, and it was conveyed by an English and a Dutch man-of-war. Kidd, however, sailed into the midst of the fleet, which fired at him first, and returning the fire with one or two ineffectual shots, he hauled off and left it to pursue its course. Sailing then for the coast of Malabar, a couple of months afterward Kidd took a Moorish vessel belonging to Aden, but commanded by an Englishman, and finding but little of value in the prize, he had her men hoisted by the arms and beaten with the flat of a cutlass, to make them reveal what they had done with their money—a punishment which, whether severe or not for that semi-barbarous era, was, with two exceptions, the only act of personal cruelty of which he was ever accused; and people whom, if the general idea of him were true, he would have dispatched with a bullet, he simply kept in the hold till, inquiry for them being over, he dismissed them. He obtained from this vessel some coffee, pepper, and Arabian gold, and some myrrh, with which the extravagant rogue pitched his ship. Going further but to sea again, he next encountered a Portuguese man-of-war, but after a brief engagement withdrew with ten men wounded, and returned presently to the coast of Malabar. Here, his cooper having been killed by the natives, he "served them in pretty much the same way," says one writer, "as the officers of our late South Sea Exploring Expedition served the

Fijians, burning their houses and shooting one of the murderers." This, however, was one of the other instances of cruelty to which reference has just been made, the murderer being bound to a tree and shot at in turn by all the retaliators. Shortly after this, Captain Kidd fell in with the ship Royal Captain, which he visited, and whose officers he entertained on board the Adventure Galley; but some of her crew having told that there were Greeks and others on board with much wealth of precious stones, the piratical spirit of his men led to mutinous desires and expressions; and, in a rage with those who had wished to board and rob the Royal Captain, Kidd snatched up an iron-bound bucket, and struck William Moore, the gunner and chief grumbler, a blow on the head, of which he died next day. Kidd remarked to his surgeon that the death of the gunner did not trouble him so much as other passages of his voyage, as he had friends in England who could easily bring him off for that; and he himself had it urged as a virtuous act rather than otherwise, since done to prevent both piracy and mutiny.

Still on the coast of Malabar, in November he ran across another Moorish vessel, and artfully hoisted the French colors, upon which the Moor did the same. "By—I have I caught you?" he cried; "you are a free prize to England!" and making easy conquest of her, he caused one Le Roy, a French passenger, to act the part of master, and to show a pretended French pass, upon which he declared her formally a prize to England, as if observing again the prescribed forms, and intending to claim for his conduct, should he ever need to do so, the protection of the commission authorizing him to take French ships. In the course of the next month, December, he captured a Moorish ketch of fifty tons, and turned her adrift; took about four hundred pounds' worth from a Portuguese, and sunk her near Calcutta; and then made prize of an Armenian vessel of four hundred tons, called the Quedagh Merchant, and sometimes the Semdee, and commanded by an Englishman—the entire value of the latter capture being sixty-four thousand pounds, of which Kidd's share was about sixteen thousand. Kidd then went to Madagascar, where, having exchanged all the equipments of the Adventure Galley for dust and bar gold and silver, silks, gold-cloth, precious stones, and spices, he burned that ship, which was leaking badly, and took to the Quedagh Merchant, refusing a ransom of thirty thousand rupees which the Armenians came, crying and wringing their hands, to offer him. Here, too, he is said to have met with one of the East India Company's ships, Captain Culliford, turned pirate. It was clearly his duty, under his commission, to offer battle at once; but, instead of anything of the kind, it was testified on the trial that when the pirates, with bated breath, sent out a boat to inquire concerning his intentions, he drank with them, in a kind of lemonade called "bombo," damnation to his own soul if he ever harmed them, and exchanged gifts with Culliford, receiving some silk and four hundred pounds in return for some heavy ordnance. Kidd denied that he had ever been aboard of Culliford, and declared that, when he proposed to attack him, his men said they would rather fire two shots into him than one into Culliford; that they stole his journal, broke open his chest and rifled it, plundered his ammunition, and threatened his life so that he was obliged to barricade himself in his cabin—his statement being borne out in some degree by the fact that here ninety-five of his men deserted to Captain Culliford, as if their own master were not sufficiently piratical, whereupon, recruiting a handful of men, he sailed immediately for the West Indies. He declared further that he did not go on board the Quedagh Merchant until after the desertion of these men, which left only about a dozen in his crew—not enough to keep his leaking craft from sinking.

But the capture of the Quedagh Merchant had been reported home by the East India Company, and directions had been issued to all the American governors and viceroys to seize him wherever he should appear. At Anguilla he learned that he had been officially proclaimed a pirate, and failing to obtain any provisions either there or at St. Thomas, at which latter place he was not even allowed to land, he went to Curaçoa, from whence intelligence of his whereabouts was forwarded to England, and the man-of-war Queensborough was sent in pursuit of him.

Kidd was aware that he had been upon a hazardous enterprise, so far as the risks at home were considered, to say nothing of the risks at sea; and whether he was conscious that he had exceeded his instructions, too eagerly misinterpreting them, or whether he knew that it is a way with the great to sacrifice those who compromise them too seriously, he prepared himself for any fortune: he determined to go to New York, and prove for himself what protection and countenance he now had to expect from Bellomont and the others; but he also determined to venture as little as possible, and he accordingly bought the sloop Antonia—though excusing this afterward to the earl by saying that his men, frightened by the proclamation, had wished to run the ship ashore, and so many of them left him that again he had not enough to handle the ropes, which must have been untrue—loaded her with his silks, muslins, jewels, bullion and gold-dust (the rest of his booty, consisting of bales of coarse goods, sugar, iron, rice, wax, opium, saltpetre and anchors, he left in the Quedagh Merchant, moored on the south side of Hispaniola, with twenty guns in the hold and thirty mounted, and twenty men, with his mate in command)—and sailed in her for New York; intimating, by his action, a doubt of his reception, though that might well be accounted for by a knowledge of the King's proclamation, but just as plainly intimating that he had reason to rely on the promises of Bellomont and the rest of that royal stock company in piracy.

Meanwhile Bellomont had been delayed from

entering upon his official life by one thing and another, until two years had elapsed from the time of Kidd's departure from England. On arriving in New York, he heard of the rumored career which Kidd was running, and presently the news having reached England, and an account of the public sentiment about it there being returned to him, Bellomont felt that very active measures were necessary in order to exculpate himself, the Ministry and the King from the popular accusation of participating in Kidd's robberies, and took every step necessary for his apprehension.

Needing some repairs before reaching his destination, Kidd very cautiously put into Delaware Bay, where he landed a chest belonging to one Gillam, an indubitable pirate, who had been a Mohammedan, and who now returned, a passenger from Madagascar. The news spreading up the coast, an armed sloop went after Kidd, but failed to find him, and he reached the eastern end of Long Island without being overhauled. Entering the Sound, he dispatched a letter to Bellomont, and from Oyster Bay sent loving greetings to his family, and a lawyer, by the name of Emot, came down from New York and went on board the Antonia. Learning that the Earl of Bellomont was in Boston, Kidd altered his course for Rhode Island, and, arriving there, sent Mr. Emot to Boston to secure a promise of safety from Bellomont if he should land; a promise granted on condition of its proving that Emot told the truth—he having asserted that Kidd's men locked him up while they committed piracies. Kidd then went to Block Island, and wrote to Bellomont again, protesting his innocence, urging the care he had taken of the owner's interests, and sending Lady Bellomont a present of jewels of the value of sixty pounds, which Bellomont had her keep lest she should offend the giver and prevent the developments that he desired, though afterward surrendering and adding them to the general inventory of Kidd's effects. While at Block Island he was joined by his wife and children, under the care of a Mr. Clark; he then gratefully went out of his way in order to land Mr. Clark on Gardiner's Island, as that gentleman wished to return to New York; and although Kidd himself did not go ashore at the latter place, he left with Mr. Gardiner a portion of his treasure afterward abandoned to the Commissioners sent for it by the Governor. While lying here, three sloops from New York came down and were loaded with goods, which were, however, all recovered—Kidd maintaining, with so much paucity of invention as to resemble the truth, that it was his men and not he who shipped them off. Meanwhile the earl sent down Duncan Campbell, the postmaster at Boston, to invite Captain Kidd to that port, telling him that if innocent he might safely come in, and he would intercede for his pardon; and Kidd straightway headed the Antonia for Boston, reaching there on the 1st of July and appearing publicly upon the streets. Hearing of his arrival, the earl sent for him, and, refusing to see him without witnesses, examined him before the Council, directed him to draw up a narrative of his proceedings, and dismissed him. Bellomont, however, kept a watch upon his movements, as he both desired and needed his arrest, but thought it expedient to use friendly means in order to discover the extent of his outrages and the disposition of the property acquired through them. At the end of the week, Kidd showing no intention to unbosom himself in that wise, and it being feared that he meant to make off, he was arrested and committed to prison, though not till he had made a valiant opposition and had drawn his sword upon the King's officers—the arrest taking place near the door of the earl's lodgings, into which Kidd rushed and ran toward him, followed by the constables. His sloop, on that, was immediately appraised, its contents taken possession of by certain Commissioners appointed for that purpose, his papers, containing accounts of his buried treasure and of that in Mr. Gardiner's hands, were opened, and all the property was finally delivered to the earl, with an inventory of one thousand one hundred and eleven ounces of gold, two thousand three hundred and fifty-three ounces of silver, three-score jewels, and bags, bales and pieces of goods about as valuable as the precious metals. Mrs. Kidd's property, which included several pieces of plate, nearly three hundred dollars of her own and twenty-five crowns of her maid's, was taken out of her temporary lodgings in the house of Duncan Campbell, at the time when search was made for a bag of gold-dust and ingots of the value of a thousand pounds, that Kidd had intended for a gift to Lady Bellomont, and that was found between two sea-beds; but on petition the Governor and Council restored to Mrs. Kidd her own. His wife—to whom he had been but a few years married—accompanying him with her children, her maid and all that she possessed, shows that Kidd had no intention of being surprised and overmastered; but on the contrary, if worse came to worst, that he had meant to take her back to the Quedagh Merchant and find a home in some place beyond the pale of British justice; while retaining her affection, and caring to retain it, is in itself a sort of testimony that he was hardly so black as he has been painted. Ten days after his arrest news came that the mate of the Quedagh Merchant, left in command, had taken out her cargo, removed it to Curaçoa, and had then set her on fire, and the mariner who brought the intelligence had seen her burning. That was a dark day, doubtless, to Captain Kidd, but not so dark as others yet to come.

A ship-of-war had now been dispatched from England to take Captain Kidd over there, but being delayed by inclement weather, and putting back in a storm after he was on board, by the time it arrived in the Thames all England was in a state of excitement over his alleged partnership with several of the Ministers, and their apparent determination not to bring him to justice; and from a common

malefactor he became the lofty subject of a state trial.

On his arrival the House of Commons addressed the King, asking to have Kidd's trial postponed until the next Parliament, that there might be time for the transmission of all the existing documents having any relation to his affairs; and he was accordingly confined in Newgate until the next year, when the papers were laid before the House, together with a petition from Cogli Baba, on behalf of himself and other Armenians, subjects of the King of Persia, setting forth all the facts of the Quedagh Merchant's capture, and praying for Kidd's examination and their own relief. Cogli Baba was ordered before the House, and Kidd himself was produced at the bar, and afterward remanded to prison. A motion was then made in the House to declare void the grant made to the Earl of Bellomont and others of all the treasure taken by Kidd, but it was negatived, and the House of Commons then requested the King to have Kidd proceeded against according to law, and he was brought to trial at the Old Bailey, in 1701, for murder and piracy upon the high seas.

At the same time, the House of Commons was proceeding upon an impeachment of the Earl of Oxford and Lord Somers, for certain high crimes and misdemeanors, one of which was their connection with Kidd, and their agency in passing the commissions and grant to him, as prejudicial to public service and private trade, and dishonorable to the King, contrary to the law of England and to the bill of rights. It was urged in reply that a pirate was *hostis humani generis*, and his goods belonged to whosoever it might be that destroyed him, and the King granted title only to that for which no owner was to be found. Before the lords were acquitted Bellomont was dead, and Kidd was hung; while popular feeling ran high, parties took sides in the affair; there were accusations afloat that these lords, now on their own trial, had set the Great Seal of England to the pardon of the arch-pirate; and as the anti-Ministerial side was determined to hang Kidd in order to prove the complicity and guilt of the Ministers with him, the Ministers themselves were, of course, determined to hang him to prove their own innocence.

Kidd made a very good appearance upon his trial, ignorant as he was of all the forms of law; he insisted on his innocence, and that he had only captured ships with French passes or sailing under the French flag, and he fought manfully, but to no purpose. Of the men that were tried with him, several plead that they surrendered themselves upon a certain proclamation of the King's pardon, but the Court decided that, not having surrendered themselves to the designated persons, they did not come within its provisions, and they must swing for it, and so they did. A couple of servants were acquitted; but to Kidd himself no mercy was shown. Justice Turtin, Dr. Newton, Advocate for the Admiralty, and the Lord Chief Baron, all made elaborate arguments against him, while no one spoke for him; and all his previous plunderings were allowed to be cited in the Court, in order to prove that he plundered the Quedagh Merchant. When he desired to have counsel assigned him, Sir Salathiel Lovell, the Recorder, wonderingly asks him, "What would you have counsel for?" And Dr. Oxenden contemptuously inquires, "What matter of law can you have?" But as Kidd quietly answers, "There be matters of law, my lord," the Recorder asks again, "Mr. Kidd, do you know what you mean by matters of law?" Whereupon Kidd replies as quietly as before, "I know what I mean; I desire to put off my trial as long as I can, till I can get my evidence ready." He has had but a fortnight's notice of his trial, and knowing how important a delay would be to him in which the popular feeling might die out or abate, he urges, "I beg your lordships' patience till I can procure my papers. I had a couple of French passes, which I must make use of to my justification," and presently adds, "I beg your lordships I may have counsel admitted, and that my trial may be put off; I am not really prepared for it." To which the Recorder rudely replies, "Nor never will, if you can help it."

Kidd still contended for counsel, and at last it was assigned to him. It then appeared that he had already petitioned for money to carry on his trial, and though it had, as a matter of course, been granted to him, as to any prisoner, it had been put into his hands only on the night before. His counsel, for whose services he had so exerted himself, made one or two timid remarks, but, after the jury were sworn, although the Solicitor-General piled the witnesses with leading questions, the cowardly lawyers never cross-examined, made any plea, or opened their lips.

The indictment for murder, upon which Kidd was first tried, portrayed, with great particularity, the blow struck the gunner, saying that of that mortal bruise "the aforesaid William Moore, from the thirtieth day of October * * * until the one-and-thirtieth day * * * did languish, and languishing did live," but on the one-and-thirtieth day did die, and declaring that William Kidd feloniously, voluntarily and of malice aforethought did kill and murder him; to all of which Kidd plead not guilty, constantly interrupting the Court with his exclamations and explanations. "The passes were seized by my Lord Bellomont; that we will prove as clear as the day!" cries he. When invited to find cause for exception in the jury, he either adroitly or ingenuously answers, "I shall challenge none; I know nothing to the contrary but they are honest men." The time coming for his defense, he told in an earnest manner a short and simple story, but one in which, by comparison of the various witnesses, several discrepancies with the truth were found. "My lord," said he, "I will tell you what the case was. I was coming up within a league of the Dutchman, and some of my men were making a mutiny about taking her, and my gunner told the people he could put her captain in a way to

take the ship and be safe. Says I, "How will you do that?" The gunner answered, "We will get the captain and men aboard." And what then? "We will go aboard the ship and plunder her, and we will have it under their hands that we did not take her." Says I, "This is Judas-like. I dare not do such a thing." Says he, "We may do it, we are beggars already." "Why," says I, "may we take this ship because we are poor?" Upon that a mutiny arose, so I took up a bucket and just threw it at him, and said, "You are a rogue to make such a motion." This I can prove, my lord.

But he did not prove it, and though he struggled hard to do so, and though his faithful servant Richard Barlow, also on trial for his life, must have committed a hundred perjuries in his behalf, the Court could not find evidence of any mutiny for more than a month before the gunner's death, and decided that William Moore's outcry that Kidd had brought him and many others to ruin was not sufficient provocation for the killing. And though Kidd pleaded that striking the man in a passion, with so rude and unpremeditated a weapon as the first slush-bucket at hand, if not justifiable as a preventive of mutiny, was, at furthest, no more than manslaughter, and exclaimed that "it was not designedly done, but in his passion, for which he was heartily sorry," yet, it being determined to hang him at all odds, the lawyers were given hints, the witnesses were browbeaten, and the jury were instructed, after tedious iteration, to bring him in guilty; which was done.

At the trial next day on the indictments for piracy, Kidd did not lose heart. There were but two important witnesses produced against him, Palmer, one of his crew, and his ship's surgeon, Bradinham, who, though both of them sharers in his adventures, had become evidence for the Crown on the promise of their own safety. Kidd himself cross-questioned them, but idly, their replies being always straightforward and consistent. His only defense was that he had taken French passes from every capture, that the Earl of Bellomont had seized them, and that his men, once catching sight of a French pass when a ship was overhauled, would not let that ship go, and for the rest answered with indifference, "That is what these witnesses say," as if such depraved testimony could really be worth anything. "Did you hear me say so?" he demanded of Palmer once. "I heard you say so," was the reply. "I am sure," said Kidd then, contemptuously, "you never heard me say such a word to such a loggerhead as you." But matters going beyond his patience soon, "Here me!" he cried indignantly, but was silenced by the Court, only to break out again presently on Palmer with, "Certainly you have not the impudence to say that!" and to adjure him to "speak true." By-and-by the question of one of the passes being up, "Palmer, did you see that pass?" he eagerly asks; and, the old subordinate manner returning to the other man, he answers, "Indeed, captain, I did not!" whereupon, like one who throws up his hands in despair, Kidd exclaims, "What boots it to ask him any questions? We have no witnesses, and what we say signifies nothing." With Bradinham he is less contemptuous and more enraged. "This man contradicts himself in a hundred places!" he declared. "He tells a thousand lies." There was no such thing in November; he knows no more of these things than you do. This fellow used to sleep five or six months together in the hold! "It is hard," he exclaims after awhile, "that a couple of rascals should take away the King's subjects' lives. Because I did not turn pirate, you rogues, you would make me one!" And, with that, hope slips faster and faster away from his grasp, and when the Solicitor-General would know if he has anything further to ask of the witnesses, he replies, "No, no! So long as he swears it, our words or oaths cannot be taken. No, no," he continues, wearily, "it signifies nothing." But he does ask at last one other question. "Mr. Bradinham," he cries, bitterly, "are not you promised your life to take away mine?" and a little later he adds, with dignity, "I will not trouble the Court any more, for it is a folly," and when the final word of the Judge has been uttered, that he shall be taken thence to his execution, he says, "My lord, it is a very hard sentence. For my part, I am the innocentest person of them all, only I have been sworn against by perjured persons."

The feeling against Kidd, though, was hardly satisfied even by his death; and fearful lest they had lost a victim, after all, the public circulated stories of his escape, and of the hanging of a man of straw in his place, although if the "blunt monster with uncouth heads" had taken the trouble to use one of those heads, the absurdity of the rumor might have been evident; for Kidd's evil fortune pursued him even from the scaffold, and the rope breaking, doubled and prolonged the last awful moments, and between the first hanging and the final one he was heard to have conversation with the executioner, ere passing to that Bar where he was judged, let us hope, after a different fashion.

But the death of Captain Kidd put an end to piracy in the American and most other seas; and, in the meantime, so far from lying concealed to enrich the poor treasure-seekers of our coasts, all the gains of Captain Kidd, ill-gotten at the best, have gone to swell the revenues of the English Kingdom.

A Dr. BAKWELL recently read a paper before the Anthropological Society of London, giving the results of his examination of the blood of more than a hundred individuals of different races—English, French, Portuguese, Italians, Germans, Indians, Chinese, Africans (both indigenous and of West Indian birth), and Creoles of various breeds. He found that, besides the differences produced by disease, there were well-marked differences in the composition of their blood. The blood of the vegetable-feeding Hindoo contains more white corpuscles than that of the flesh-eating Mussulman, and the red corpuscles in both also differ in form and size.

A GRANT REFUSED.

GENERAL GRANT, U.S.A., to the Senate one day said: "I've served you in battle on dry land, and so now, for a change, o'er the ocean I'll range, And annex you a West India island; Like Caesar in Britain will I land, And capture this beautiful island."

Yes, let us, by jingo! Annex San Domingo, For that is the name of the island. "Now, indeed you must own I have always been prone To act up to the interests of my land; And so, if you won't fight, I will do what is right, And just purchase this nice little island. Oh! when did a nation pass by land—ing such a big fish as this island? See, here is a treaty, In all things complete, I Have drawn up to purchase the island."

But the Senate fought shy, and observed, in reply: "You have gained us great victories by land, Still, we firmly decline to fight out on the line Of annexing a neighboring island. 'Tis not an especially spry land, A little dirt speck of an island; We might be more duber-Some if it were Cuba, For that is a gem of an island."

"No, President Grant, once for all, now we shan't, So we say you may go and 'strike lie' and Be hanged, if you like, for you won't see us strike E'er a blow for your beautiful island. We seek not to conquer nor buy land, Not a dollar we'll give for your island. No, no; we'll be jigger-Ed ere we'll have your nigger-Infested caboose of an island."

Their refusal he feels, and to Congress appeals, "For," says he, "I should like to know why land, That might be made our own, should be left as a bone Of contention to all—like this island. Ah! Spain has an eye on this island: She'll on it, if we don't look spry, land. Appoint a Commission For the acquisition Of this little duck of an island."

A NIMROD OF "SMALL DEER."

THE famous John Black, rat and mole destroyer to her Majesty Queen Victoria, earned the reputation of being the most fearless handler of rats of any man living, playing with them, to use the words of an informant, as if they were so many blind kittens. Mr. Black used to go about the country in a cart, with rats painted on the panels. At the tail-board, where he stood and lectured, he had a kind of stage rigged up, and on it were placed cages filled with vermin, boxes of pills, and poison packages. He would dip his hand into a cage, and take out as many rats as he could hold, the feat eliciting an admiring "oh!" from the crowd, who were surprised that he was not bitten. He would put half a dozen brutes within his shirt, next his skin, causing a perceptible shudder to thrill the female portion of his audience; and he would lecture calmly to the loathsome creatures perched on his shoulders, cleaning their faces on their front paws, or rising up on their hind legs like little kangaroos, and sniffing at his cheeks and ears. Though the spectators usually declared that these rats were tame, it has been asserted on good authority that they were as wild as any in the sewers of London. The only mystery, we have been assured, was that any man could be found with courage enough to undertake the work.

Jack Black had been bitten "nearly everywhere." Once he received a severe bite on his thumb. The pain, he said, "went right up to his ear; he felt it in two places at once, a regular twinge, like touching the nerves of a tooth." His thumb turned black, and he was recommended to "have it off;" but he followed the recommendation of "a young chap at the Middlesex Hospital who wasn't out of his time," and refused to adopt such summary measures. In course of time he recovered, though he never lost the mark of the rat's teeth, which had split his nail right in two. A short while afterward, however, he "got another bite lower down on the same arm, and that stung him on his bed, and there he stopped, he should think, for six weeks." "When a rat's bite touches the bone," he said, "it makes you faint in a minute, and the wound bleeds dreadful, just as if you had been stuck with a penknife. I recollect," he continued, "a rat running up the sleeve of my coat and biting the muscle of my arm. I shall never forget the pain. It turned me all of a sudden, and made me feel numb. In less than half an hour I was took so bad that I was obliged to be sent home. I bled awful. The arm swelled and went as heavy as a ton weight, pretty well. I couldn't even bear my wife to foment it. I was kept in bed for two months. I was so weak I couldn't stand, and I was dreadful feverish—all warmth like."

On another occasion, when Black was bitten, either the poison of the wound, or the medicine the doctor gave him—he couldn't say which—caused the flesh "to swell up like a bladder—it seemed regular blown like." He got well by degrees, principally, he thought, by cheating the doctor. Instead of taking any medicine, he visited a friend who kept a public-house, and drank a glass or two of stout, under the impression that it would give him strength to overcome the poison of the bite. He began to "pick up," as he phrased it, directly he left off taking any physic.

"Rats," said our informant, "will eat each other like rabbits. They'll turn the dead ones' skins out like purses, and eat the flesh off beautiful clean. I have put a thousand rats in a cage at a time, and I have piled them up solid like. Rats ain't easily suffocated, but if you put them together and don't feed them every day, they'll tear and devour each other like cannibals. Rats are all over London. I have ketched two hundred in a clergyman's house in Portland Place. They had underpinned the stables and undermined the oven, so that they could neither bile nor bake. They had pretty well let down every stone in the premises. I had to creep under a leaden cistern, which was undermined so that I thought it would fall down upon me."

Jack Black had, he asserted, turned his attention to everything connected with animals. He had trained monkeys "by shoals;" he had raised linnets and taught them to sing; he had "sterminated" beetles, which he considered "a most 'stornary animal;" he had been bitten by a mad dog; he had "learnt" a monkey to kill rats; he had trained a badger to perform the same task; he had destroyed moles "for her Majesty and the Woods and Forests," and had bred the "finest collection of pied rats that ever was known in the world."

One night Mr. Black was sent for by a "medical gent" at Hampstead, whose children had been attacked by rats "while they were a sleeping in their little cots." Their mother had heard them crying, and when she went up-stairs and struck a light, she saw the rats running away to their holes. "The rats had gnawed the hands and feet of the little children, their nightgowns was kivered with blood, as if their throats had been cut." Mr. Black asked for one of these nightgowns as a curiosity, for he considered it a "phenomenon." The lady complied with his request, but his disgust was great when he found that the servant had been ordered to wash it previous to delivery. He went down the following morning and "sterminated them rats." He found that they were of the blood-rat species, "dreadful spiteful fellers." They are "snake-headed, and infest dwellings." The "gent" behaved "uncommon handsome" to Mr. Black, and whenever he passed the house afterward, the children would cry out, "Mamma, here's Mr. Ratty."

He once went to a cowkeeper's, where the animals "could not lay down or eat their food, for the rats which used to get into the manger and fight at them. I went to work there," said Mr. Black, "and actually took out three hundred rats from one hole in the wall; I had to carry them in my mouth and hands, and under my arms, and in my buzzum and pockets, to take them to the cage." When in course of "sterminating" seven hundred rats at the residence of one Mrs. Browne, of Camden Town, her Majesty's destroyer nearly got destroyed himself. He was "stooping down under the manger, when a cow heard the rats squeak and butted him up against the bull; the bull was very savage, and he fainted, but he was picked up and washed, and then he came to." He was "dreadful bit" on the same occasion, for he had to lie on the ground and push his naked arm into the hole until he could reach the rats. The vermin fastened upon him and gnawed at his flesh so savagely that "it was cut to ribbands and dreadful lacerated." At a mews near Russell Square, Mr. Black destroyed a colony of rats that had taken up their quarters "near a cartload of common bricks." They were "under the floor, and near the partition of the stable." When the woodwork was pulled down, the coachman said: "Well, rat-ketcher, if you had been employed years ago, a deal more corn would have gone into the horses." The vermin "had worried a pair of beautiful chestnut horses, by gnawing away their hoofs, and had nearly driven them mad."

Her Majesty's "destroyer" was wont to wear a costume consisting of white leather breeches, a green coat, a scarlet waistcoat, a gold hat-band, and a shoulder-belt. Altogether, he made what he believed to be a "first-rate appearance," and such as became one who occupied the important post that he did. He began with a cart and "a most a donkey, for it was a pony, scarcely bigger." But as his fame and prosperity increased, he became "noted for his cattle," invested in three or four horses and a vehicle elaborately ornamented with rats. "I had them painted," he said, "because I thought that they and the costume would get me to be known."

"At the age of fifteen," said Mr. Black, "I turned to bird-fancying. I was very fond of the sombre linnet. I used to go and ketch the nestlings off the common, and ris them under the old trained birds. Originally," he continued, "linnets was taught to sing by a bird-organ, but I used to make the old ones teach the young. I used to molt them off in the dark by kivering the cages up, and then they'd learn from hearing the old birds singing, and would take the song. If any did not sing perfectly, I used to sell them as cast-offs."

The linnet, our readers may be interested to learn, "sings toys"—that is, it makes sounds distinguished in "the fancy," as the tollcock eek eek quake le wheet; single eek eek quake wheets, or eek eek quake chowls; eeg pipe chowl; laugh; eeg poy chowls; rattle; pipe, fear; pugh and poy.

Whether the public will be much indebted to us for the information thus imparted is reasonably open to doubt. Anything less suggestive of birds' notes than the above succession of sounds, if we may be allowed to say so, it would be hard to imagine. However, we speak as outsiders, and consequently as "duffers."

Mr. Black "knew the sounds of all English birds, and what they said." He could illustrate the songs of the nightingale; he knew the habits of birds as well as their notes, and was acquainted with all the chirps that distinguish any action in the bird up to the point when, in his own phrase, it "circles about and then falls like a stone to the ground with its pitch." He

could "ketch a nightingale in less than five minutes;" he esteemed them "beautiful in song," and "plucky" as well. "They have a call," he said, "and answers to anybody." He had trapped sometimes as many as thirty in a day.

"People," he continued, "think they are scarce. This is a mistake. Those who can distinguish their song in the daytime, knows that they are plentiful enough. As for their singing only by night, there is some, and a good many, too, that will only sing in the day."

Mr. Black was the fortunate possessor of the bird that won the famous match at "Mr. Lockwood's, in Drury Lane," and the return match at the proprietor's own residence in "High Street, Marrabun." The contest took place in the presence of "all the fancy." Captain K—"put ten sovereigns down on the counter for the successful competitor," but Mr. Black "wouldn't pick them up, for he had sold lots of his strain for a pound each." He was the owner, among other rarities, of a "little black dog," which at one time was esteemed the father of "the greatest portion of the male black-tan dogs in London." One, Jimmy Massey, it may be worth recording, purchased a pup of Mr. Black, for a monkey, a bottle of wine, and three pounds. In the opinion of her Majesty's "rat-catcher," this was "the rummest bargain as ever he made."

NEWS BREVITIES.

RINDERPEST ravages the stock-farms of New York.

BOSTON founds a home for the poor, to cost \$223,000.

ALABAMA has a belt of marl one hundred miles long.

CHINA now sends merchant ships direct to New Orleans.

THREE Japanese nobles are students at the Troy Academy.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY Seminole braves linger in Florida.

BOSTON has got its first diamond invoice from South Africa.

GUIZOT writes that he has "four boys" on the ramparts of Paris.

CONSTANTINOPLE has imported twenty gunsmiths from Enfield, England.

THE corner-stone of the new Capitol at Albany weighs twenty-eight tons.

COFFEE is now the stimulus administered to the Connecticut State prisoners.

NINE members of the English House of Commons have died during 1870.

CLEVELAND will tap Lake Erie with an imitation of the Chicago lake-tunnel.

TWO HUNDRED convicts at the Illinois Penitentiary make 200,000 cigars a week.

CHICAGO is completing a new Masonic temple, at Halsted and Randolph streets.

SEVEN HUNDRED men of the Paris Garde Nationale have become insane since the siege.

THE exhilarating strain of the revolver is now a frequent afternoon sound in San Francisco.

In October, 35,753 women and 78,750 children were found destitute in three Prussian provinces.

A TWO-MILLION BUSHEL grain elevator will be built by a new company on the North River, New York.

SEVEN people in Connecticut have burned themselves to death by recumbent smoking within the year.

THE German Fair in Philadelphia, opened December 20th, exhibits a mitrailleuse captured by the Prussians.

THE New York soldiers of 1812, at Seneca Falls, on December 1st, demanded a pension from the Legislature.

THE English ship Cashmere, with masts, rigging and hull of iron, attracts attention at Lewis Wharf, Boston.

THE French Government appropriates the contents of the savings banks to war purposes. Result, horrible misery.

Dr. S. W. CRAWFORD discovers a transparent white snake, the tail armed with a stinging horn, in Brown County, Ohio.

THE Italian Government has ordered the drainage of the Pontine marshes—a work intermitted since the old Roman Empire.

THE New York Midnight Mission, in one year, has provided 400 reformed Anonymas with homes, at a cost of \$900 monthly.

JUSTICE HAWLEY holds the officers of the Mormon militia, who paraded contrary to the Governor's order, in \$2,000 each before the Grand Jury.

A GOVERNMENT arsenal, now erecting at Rock Island, Ill., consists of ten immense buildings of Joliet stone. It is destined to supersede those of St. Louis and Springfield, Mass.

THE King of Barmah has issued three hundred Brahmam grammars from a printing-press. The orthodox Buddhists, who still affect palm-leaf books written-on with a stylus, are horrified.

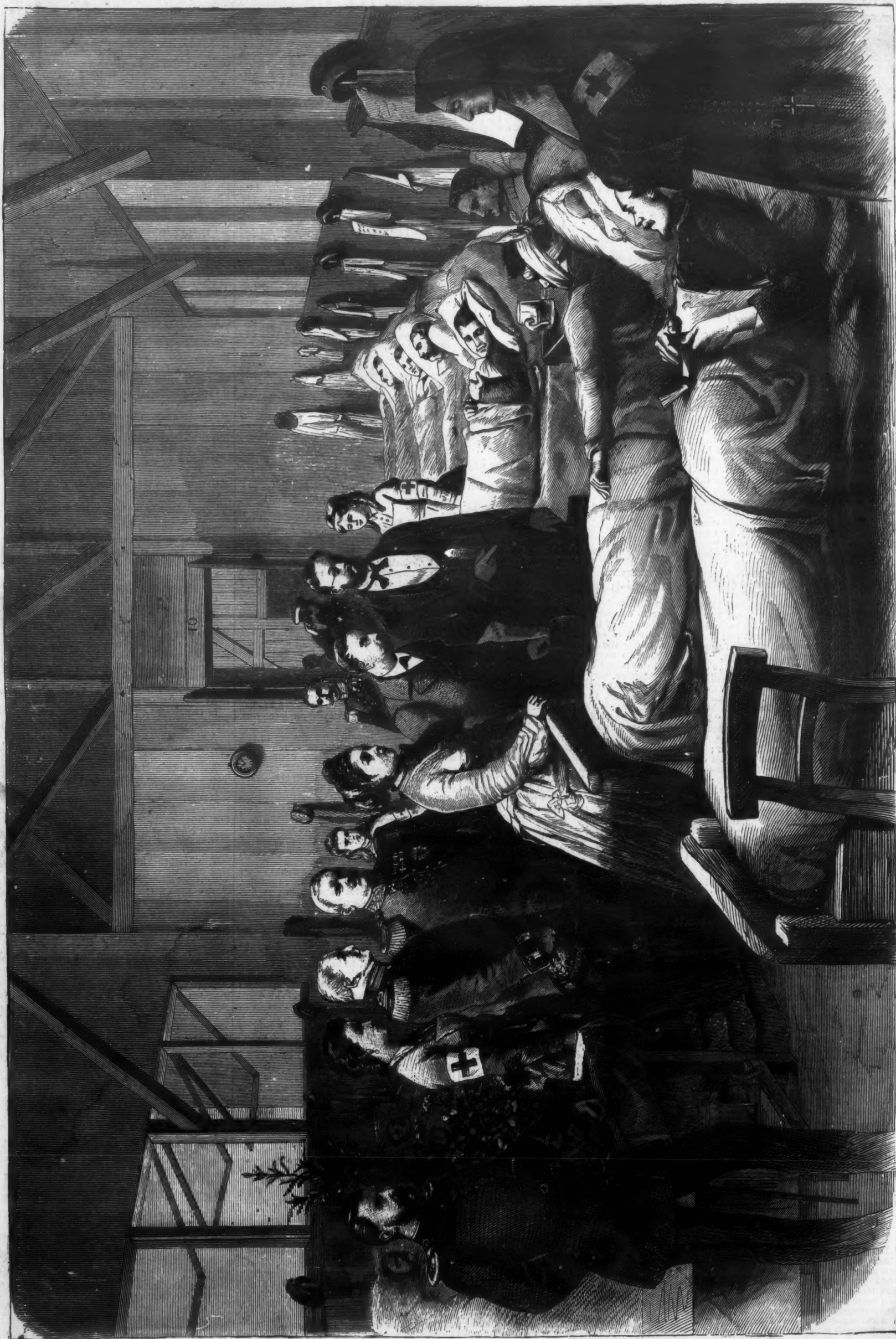
THERE are twenty-three different kinds of pavement in New York and Brooklyn, either laid or in process of laying. Of these eleven are composed wholly or in part of wood, and patented.

THAT Illinois lady's unpleasant parasites, which colored her lacteal secretion to the appearance of ink-and-water, are described as hexagonal, tortoise-like little beasts, and she harbored millions of them.

THAT "immensely rich" deposit of silver, after appearing fitfully in a sunken island of Lake Superior, has removed to the vicinity of the Ralston and Silver City mines, New Mexico. The attendant "furore" has settled round it.

MEXICAN industrial interests are reviving. In Tlacoacalam there are six establishments run by steam. The city, with scarcely five thousand inhabitants, has forty-eight schools, two printing-offices, two libraries, and four newspapers.

CHINESE immigration has steadily fallen off this year, owing to the Six Companies having published the fact of the reduction of wages in California. 10,000 Celestials arrived there in the first nine months of 1870, as against 13,533 for the same period of 1869. Meanwhile, a Chinese Immigration Society has been established in New York, which will supply laborers at \$99 a month.



GERMANY.—VISIT OF THE CROWN-PRINCESS OF PRUSSIA TO THE HOSPITAL BARRACKS ON THE PFINGSTWIESE, FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN, SEPTEMBER 13TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. A. BEER.—SEE PAGE 264.



A PRAYER FOR PEACE.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 282.

A PRAYER FOR PEACE.

LORD! burn from earth all record of his hand;
Right to the soul of us efface the brand!
Let all men see that Liberty hath risen
Among the shattered ruins of his prison.
But do not trail us further in the slime,
Or make us carry on the Empire's crime.

His slaves, his hirelings, shouted for the war,
But we went chained to Caesar's battle-car;
Dumb for the sacrifice, were safely gagged,
And in his dust-cloud to the conflict dragged;
We voted "Yes," but—well the tyrant knew—
Meant liberty at home, not war with you.

We can but rise up from the dust to kneel;
Trying to gain our feet once more we feel
What hurts we got when down—knocked out
Of breath,
Kneeled on, heart-crushed, and knuckled nigh
To death;
As some poor madman, who hath dropped
And swooned,
Is maimed where none can see his mortal
Wound.

We hail you, brothers, who have broke our
bands;

As brothers we stretch forth to you our hands:
Brothers! beside you we would freely march
In peace, beneath glad heaven's triumphal
arch:

As brothers we have our great part to play
When Kings and Emperors have passed away!

We offer you a Conquest, loftier yet
Than any you have reached with hands red-
wet;

Or any you can win, even though we stood
And slew and slew till both were blind with
blood;

Our little fields made one vast heaving tomb,
And over all a pall of smoking gloom.

O Men! is it not shame enough that we
Have suffered wrongs so great, so helplessly,
So past all common signs of wrong, for years,
Of wrong too deep for words—too stern for
tears?

Think how we were betrayed by him who
hath made

Our streets straight; cleared them for your
cannonade!

Be generous, Germans! we will take the print
Of kindness deeper than the sword-dint;
A wounded Nation watches—waits to see
The advent of your red-cross chivalry:
As the dark spirit of the passing storm
Springs up divine, and lo! the rainbow's form!

THE LOST LINK;

OR,

THE FORTUNES OF A WAIF.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MRS. MERVYN had sunk back on her cushions with an uncontrollable groan of pain, that escaped almost involuntarily from her white lips; it spoke of suppressed, sternly crushed agony of body and mind. She pressed her hand on her side, and moaned with the deep, hoarse moans that betoken at once strength of will and a fierce anguish which baffles even the most iron control.

"I will not die till it is finished," she said—"till the whole cup I have so long prepared is poured out, and every one dearest to those who so deeply injured me shall have been bowed to the very dust. Yes, it all works well—beyond my utmost, my wildest hopes. This girl, I cannot doubt who she really is. It may be difficult to absolutely prove it—nay, it may not suit my purpose to prove it at the instant, nor for many a month to come. But it must be kept in my grasp, that clue to her real story, that fresh engine of destruction so strangely placed in my hands. Men speak of an overruling Providence; I begin to believe that there is some spirit who works and presides over destiny; or, in truth, my wildest hopes, my most anxious researches, could not have worked this strange result."

She lay back for a time in deep thought, then she rang the bell.

"Will you ask Mr. Mervyn to come to me?" she said, when the maid appeared. "I think you will find him in the library."

In a few minutes the young man appeared.

"What is it, aunt?" he began, rather sullenly.

"Hush, hush!" she interrupted, an expression of mingled pain and anger flitting over her features. "Hush! you should never forget, boy—why should you? Have I not been as a mother to you? Why deny me the title?"

"Habit, aunt—mother, I mean," returned the young man. "It is second nature, you know. But hang such fooleries. What do you want? I was just off to join a game at croquet with the fair heiress, Miss Abby, and—"

"Never mind," interrupted Mrs. Mervyn, or, as it has no doubt been discovered, Helen Trenchard. "It is a far more deep and uncertain game you must be ready to play."

"Scarcely," he said, sitting down reluctantly on the chair which Olivia had not long left. "I am half weary of this incessant mystery and constraint. I am well satisfied with my present position, and care not to waste all its advantages in this weary, purposeless game of yours. Two thousand a year is a handsome income enough, with entry to such circles as these, and power to command one who has the ability to supply any little fancy of that kind. Why on earth not be satisfied?"

Helen, or, as we will call her, for more clear identification, by the name she had assumed, Mrs. Mervyn, frowned darkly as Rupert Dacre himself could have done, only that there was more feminine sharpness in the anger she displayed.

"Fool!" she exclaimed. "Why, I could doubt that you were of my own blood, if I had not seen in former years that you could at once

endure and plan and venture all that was needful to secure success."

"Why not be satisfied?" he asked.

"Why?" she repeated. "Because there are still deep wrongs to avenge, and far more splendid prospects opening before you than even I had ever dreamed of securing. Nay, flush not so deeply, boy. It is all too uncertain and too distant for you to doubt or even count on your success. It needs patience, strong will, and deep watchfulness to attain the goal I can see mistily in the distance. But it is worthy of all; and it is for you to prove yourself worthy of it."

He listened with a doubting, perplexed air.

"Harkye, aunt, mother, whatever it may please you for me to call you. I am quite ready to confess that I am under deep obligations to you for the position I now hold, though I have, perhaps, a little drawback, in an occasional twinge of conscience, for—Well, well, don't be so impatient; I am not going to turn Puritan, and spoil all. But what I was going to say is this: I know I am able to trust you, if I may judge from the past; and, what is more, I owe you certainly a degree of obedience."

"A degree—a degree!" she repeated, sharply.

"Boy, you know not what you are saying."

Then she seemed to recall some controlling thought to her mind, and speaking more calmly, she said:

"Go on, go on; only act as one of my blood should, and do not prove yourself coward at heart."

"Well, then," said he, "I was going to say that I am quite ready to do anything in reason, and with my eyes open; but I do decidedly object to have my present draught of ease and pleasure suddenly disturbed, and rendered insipid and bitter, by all these anxieties and plans and plots of yours, unless for something worth working for."

"Worth working for!" she repeated, with a hoarse laugh. "Boy, it would be worth working half a life to attain, and I will only ask of you the obedience and partial sacrifice of a brief year or two. I cannot confide all in you yet, because I am not myself fully certain of the ground on which I tread; but I will give you a hint of what may be the result, if you promise me, on your solemn word, that you will trust my assurance of its probability, and obey my directions, even when inexplicable to you. Boy, have I not guided you to competence and ease? Trust me till I have placed you at the summit of wealth and rank, and seen my hated enemies abased under my feet; and then I shall see but few more hours in this weary world."

"Mother," he replied, at length, after a pause, "I can believe you when you speak in that sober, earnest manner—that is, I believe that you think so; still, you may be yourself deceived—you may be risking what we have already attained, in vain plans for more."

"No," she said, fiercely—"no, I risk nothing so long as we hold the destiny of that man in our hands. He cannot, he dares not revoke his gift; and, besides, we will not commit ourselves till we have the prize in our grasp. No, no; I hold so many strings in my hand, that I have but to pull the right one to restrain the free action of any one of my puppets. Fear nothing, Mark, so long as Geoffrey Dacre holds all that he possesses, even life itself, at our hands. Now, will you give me your word?"

"I will," replied the young man, his own handsome features catching some of the earnestness that glowed in hers; and you see, mother, there's something very toothsome in money and position; and I've no objection to feast on the dish *ad infinitum*, only I don't want it to turn out an Alexandrian banquet, you see."

"It will not," she replied, "for I will guard you far more jealously than my own life. Now, bend down, and listen to the few words I would whisper, for the very walls must not echo them, especially here."

She whispered only some half-dozen words, but the effect was electrical.

"Mother," he cried—"mother, are you mad?"

"Never more sane," she said, with a bitter smile. "I have had cause to lose my senses long since, had they been likely to leave me. But listen—it is no time to question and doubt. I have only to direct you how to act, and you to render implicit obedience to my commands. Are you prepared?"

"Yes," he said—"yes; only—"

"There must be no 'only,'" she said, "and you must trust me, Mark. It is not by the means that you can imagine that you will attain this startling result. Nay, what may perhaps seem precisely adverse to it you must assist and favor. Now, draw your chair nearer to me and listen, for the man you hate most must be apparently led by you to a fair bride and a rich heritage. And yet there may be destruction and death in the tempting possession."

Mark obeyed; and for half-an-hour and more the two pseudo-dependents of Sir Rupert Dacre, the transformed aunt and nephew, conversed in low, continuous tones, inaudible at the distance of a few paces.

CHAPTER XXV.

SHALL we attempt to describe the splendor of the birthday ball at Compton Castle? It has been vainly attempted so often that it seems a hopeless task. And yet it was a memorable one—one that spread its results far and wide, and influenced the destiny of many for long years to come.

There were marriages decided on that night in the glittering ballroom that owed the crisis to that irresistible excitement. There were plans matured and unconsciously carried out by those who were utterly innocent of their import, and which affected the lives of many for long years to come.

But, independently of these more permanent consequences, the *fête* itself was well worthy of description. Priceless paintings hung on the walls; statues that would have adorned a royal palace stood on the staircases, and graced the more private rooms. Costly exotics were plen-

tiful as common roses; rare and soft lamps lighted up each room with a blaze of light; oriental hangings, French tapestry, Genoa velvet, lifelike transparencies, fairylike bowers, scented fountains, carpets of marvelous thickness, seats of sybarite luxury and ease—all that wealth and taste could devise, every combination of ancient magnificence and modern elegance, was assembled in lavish profusion in the palatial apartments of Compton Castle on the birthday of its fair heiress. And she, the queen of the brilliant *fête*, was she not well worthy of the honors showered on her?

Who could doubt it as they gazed on her fairy form, standing by her proud father to receive her guests, flitting through the dance like a peri, or as they listened to the music of her laugh as it rang sweetly, softly, like bell-music, and was flung by the echoes over the gay saloon? Her light form was robed in amber satin; a magnificent parure of rubies—a birthday gift from her father—flashed in her raven hair and on her delicate neck and arms; while fairylike black lace toned down the brilliant hues to rich softness. She looked like a sultana—like the Lalla Rookh of the Eastern romance.

But where was the Feranooz to win, by his sweet strains, the lovely princess of his adoring homage? Was he personated by the dark cavalier who hovered incessantly at her side, who claimed her hand for more dances than Mrs. Grundy might have thought correct, who escorted her to the music-room, and joined his rich voice to hers in one of the rare melodies that varied the enchantments of the scene?

Geoffrey Dacre would have fain hoped and believed that he did indeed play that part. And it seemed almost credible to the more impartial spectators of the scene, and to those who watched yet more eagerly than would have been dictated by mere curiosity, or by philosophical interest in the fate of that fair heiress.

Even Mark Trenchard, the "Frank Mervyn" of the present scene, familiar as he was with his old patron's son, could scarcely have recognized him in the figure at Alice's side.

Who would have guessed that the aristocratic, handsome, though darkly southern face, was the same that had gloomed sullenly on him in that stately dining-hall at Dacre Abbey, and that the eyes which were pouring out floods of passionate tenderness on his lovely companion were the fierce orbs which glared vindictively on his disinherited brother, and that the voice which entranced the ears with its manly, rich melody, could give forth the harsh tones of deadly anger and furious defiance.

Yet so it was. Either Lady Alice Compton had worked a miracle, or the possession of rank and wealth had transformed the dogged son of Sir Rupert Dacre into the high-bred, fascinating baronet, for a strange fascination did surround him—the fascination that ever attends the sterner and the darker natures of the world was around him. He bent and cast on that lovely girl the nameless charm so keenly felt by woman—that of softening and submitting to her the powerful, indomitable will, which is to all others like a rock of adamant; and perhaps the indefinable likeness that he bore to the absent Algernon was an unconscious charm. Unlike as they were in all other respects, yet the tone of the voice, the expression of the features, had the vague family resemblance which may be observed among children of the same father.

The groups who had assembled in the music-room to hear the last exquisite duet between Lady Alice and Sir Geoffrey Dacre were gradually melting away by twos and threes, and by degrees the vocalists who had formed the centre of attraction were left nearly alone.

"Shall I take you to that tempting little boudoir, Lady Alice?" asked Sir Geoffrey. "It looks so deliciously cool and shaded—a perfect paradise, fit for the graceful peri who is its lawful queen."

"What a valled insult to my Saracenic ancestry, Sir Geoffrey!" said Lady Alice, laughingly. "Do you not know that I owe my Asiatic eyes and skin to a renegade ancestor, who married an 'unbeliever,' or 'true believer,' as the case might appear to her? However, as I am especially fond of my little sanctum, I will not quarrel with your admiration of its beauty." Then she suddenly glanced up in his face with one of the inquiring looks that had more than once striven to fathom his real feelings to Algernon, and said: "There is some sympathy between you and your brother after all, Sir Geoffrey. He shared your passion for music, and he had an excessive fancy for that room. In those respects your tastes certainly accorded."

Geoffrey Dacre needed all the stern mastery over himself that he could practice at will to conceal the gust of passion which shook him at the mention of his brother's name; but there was that to accomplish that was worthy the struggle, and he replied with the most natural touch of valled meaning imaginable.

"My dear Lady Alice," said he, "I could not certainly contradict any assertion of yours, but I may candidly avow that I cannot trace one vestige of resemblance in any other respect between Algernon and myself. As to the love of music, that might be a heritage from my mother, with whom it was a passion. For the rest, there is nothing in common between Algernon and myself."

Lady Alice looked piercingly at him. She was too proud to allow her lover to be thus mentioned in her presence without asserting his claims.

"Pardon me, Sir Geoffrey," she said, "I can scarcely think that a matter for exultation, or even satisfaction. I think too highly of Captain Dacre for such an assurance to be a passport to my favor. And besides, he saved my life, as papa was telling you when we were riding yesterday."

Sir Geoffrey had turned suddenly round to take an ice from a servant who approached at the instant, and Alice did not see the expression of his features, the gust of passion that swept over them, ere he turned to her with no-

thing save a look of pained resolution remaining in his dark face.

"Lady Alice," he said, "I know that I am risking your favor, and appearing unnatural and hard in your eyes; but I must be frank, in order to spare yet more painful suspicions of distrust as to my feelings for Algernon. There is a separation between us forever. I will not blame him; so far as I am concerned, at least, between us there is entire candor; but there is that attached to him which would have prevented his forcing me to perform a most painful duty; and a man of honor would have acted very differently from what, I fear, I can clearly see has been his conduct. Pardon me if I entreat you to spare the mention of a name which is connected with about the most painful part of my life."

Alice's eyes were intent on Geoffrey Dacre's dark countenance as he spoke; but not one trace of malice or passion, or even envy, was there. It was calm, stern, pained disapproval, such as threw more deep shadow on him of whom he spoke than any bitter accusation could have done.

"I am grieved, truly grieved," she said; "though I never had a sister or brother's companionship, I can fancy that it must be the most terrible agony to live in separation and unkindness from them. And let me at least venture to say, Sir Geoffrey, that I can scarcely think your brother would willingly give cause for such a wretched state of things between you."

"Oh, Lady Alice," he sighed, deeply, "you cannot imagine, your pure nature could not even admit such ideas into your mind. Far be it from me to even hint the truth to your ears. At least, Algernon is happy in exciting interest in your heart."

"He saved my life!" replied the girl, proudly. She shrank with mingled emotions of maiden shame, and, it might be, a yet less worthy feeling, from letting that dark, proud man guess the secret of her heart.

"And, may I not venture," he said, smiling somewhat sadly, "to plead some such merit in suing for your kindly judgment, Lady Alice? Algernon is not the only one who has the proud consciousness that the fairest heiress in England owes the life that gladdens so many to an accidental service it has been a privilege to render her."

Lady Alice looked bewildered.

"I do not understand you," she said, though a half-forgotten, dim memory of the past did float over her brain.

"Perhaps not," he replied; "and I would never have obtruded such a trifle on your remembrance had it not seemed so unworthily used by others as an interest in your favor. It was not to Lady Alice Compton, but to Alice Dorville, that I was happy enough to render a slight service. Have you forgotten the Giant's Causeway, and a young girl's adventurous bathing feat?"

A flood of crimson tided under the delicate skin, and gave a novel charm to the singular face.

"Is it possible?" she said. "I fancied sometimes that I could recall your features. But why did you not tell me before that it was you who came to my aid when my folly had endangered my life?"

"Simply because I did not wish to make capital of the accident," he replied. "A Newfoundland dog would have been quite as useful and quite as brave. I merely alluded to it now in order to disengage your generous mind as to the services rendered by another."

At this moment, and perhaps most opportunely for both parties, the rich tones of Olivia's voice came floating on the air, and relieved the embarrassment that might have followed those words. Sir Geoffrey knew well that he had said enough, and Lady Alice needed time to analyze her own bewildered feelings ere she replied.

"What an uncommon voice!" remarked Sir Geoffrey; "it fairly astonished me last evening."

"She is a very uncommon girl," said Lady Alice, glad to change the subject. "I confess I do not understand her in the least, though she has been under my especial care for the last eight months. Still, she is wonderfully clever; she speaks two languages fluently, and you hear what a musician she is even now. It is a pity she is a foundling, for I really think she must have gentle blood in her veins, though in some respects she is more like a wild Zingari than an English girl."

"A fit bride for Algernon," sneered Sir Geoffrey. "There are so many points of resemblance between them, that no wonder he patronizes her. But it is wonderful singing for so young a girl. Are you rested now, Lady Alice? Shall I escort you back to your guests?"

Alice's dark eyes had a troubled look, Geoffrey's an exultant one, as she coldly accepted his arm to return to the music-room; and, as they came near to the spot where Olivia was sitting at the piano, the centre of a little circle of wondering admirers, more than one keen mind detected the dark cloud on the fair heiress's young brow.

Could it be so? Was it credible that the high-born earl's daughter, the beautiful and the admired, could cherish even a momentary jealousy of the nameless foundling? Yet that disturbed, restless glance betrayed it to the observation of at least two among the group. Sir Geoffrey saw it with an exultant gleam, and Mark, or, as we must entitle him for the present, Frank Mervyn, with a half-scornful, half-satisfied smile. Olivia did not note it then, but it was the beginning of the end, and the rest of that brilliant *fête* was as a troubled dream to its fair queen.

If a commentary on the vanity and uncertainty of human pleasures was needed, it could scarcely have been better afforded than by a glance into the heart of the envied heiress of Compton Castle on that proud night of her supposed triumph. Vague disquiet clouded and shadowed every brilliant element of happiness

in her heart, even while she was flinging smiles and repartees and gracious words broadcast among the crowd; and when she retired to her pillow, and had impatiently hurried her maid's departure, a confused sensation of distrust, and envy, and dislike to those hitherto most dear and cherished, troubled her heart and fevered her brain.

Were Algernon and Olivia unworthy and false? Had she lavished her love on a traitor? Had she cherished a viper, that would steal away and poison her very heart's blood? The morning light might perhaps chase away those evil spirits of darkness, or drive them deeper in her heart; but from that moment they could never be wholly extirpated, save by the bitter and deeply wounding probe of adversity and sorrow.

Olivia's reverie on retiring to her own room was very different. There had been much to warm and brighten the foundling's heart in the evident admiration and kindly feeling she had excited. The black net dress trimmed with scarlet, that had been chosen for her by Lady Alice, had displayed her light form to advantage, and toned down the defects of her dark skin, and improved her features. And then Mr. Mervyn had been so kind to her. He had asked her to dance more than once, and stood by her when she was desired to sing, and talked to her of Algernon Dacre, and told her stories of some of his boyish days, and then placed her by his mother, from whose side she had been drawn more than once by an unexpected request to dance.

All this had made a dreaded evening pass pleasantly to Olivia; and her dreams had been of Algernon, and the services she would do him were it in her power to save him a pang, even with her life.

THE CASE OF YOUNG BELLMAN.

AN OLD PRACTITIONER'S CONFESSION.

I HAD made it my business, on first settling at T—, to make full inquiries about the resident society, of a gentleman of my acquaintance, and in the course of conversation young Bellman's affliction was referred to; and, being interested, I eliminated from my friend the case in its entirety.

When between three and four years of age, young Bellman, then a fine intelligent child, was placed under the care of a faithful but somewhat ignorant nurse, who, unknown to the parents, was in the habit of frightening the child to sleep by threatening to call in the aid of sundry individuals known to the juvenile mind as black men, bogies, etc. Finding her threats gradually losing power, because of the non-appearance of the shadowy realities referred to, the nurse bethought herself, one night when her charge was unusually obstreperous and unwilling to seek the arms of Morpheus, of another expedient. On entering the bedroom where Master Bellman lay, roaring to the full extent of his lungs, she hastily threw her large white apron over face and head, and gibbering both with voice and hands, advanced to the bedside. The consequences were direful; her charge was seized with such fear that he fell into strong convulsions, from which he ultimately recovered, but with the loss of his reason.

Now, to combat this long-standing shock to the brain, I had to think of a counter-shock that might, by conveying a similar and as severe an impression to the nervous system, produce a mental reaction of a favorable kind. As I have said, I hastily called to mind several incidents of a like kind to give me a hint, one of which I will here narrate as having afforded the principal materials for the concoction of my scheme.

The sexton of the village of C— had long been annoyed by the malice of some individual, who continually frustrated all his attempts to decorate with flowers and immortelles the tomb of a certain parishioner who had but recently died. The sexton one night concealed himself and watched the grave. About midnight, a man in a large riding-cloak entered the churchyard gate, and made his way directly to the tomb in question, where he soon destroyed all vestiges of the sexton's previous day's labors and decoration. The sexton recognized the daring marauder—he was a person of influence in the village, the known enemy of the dead man, and a man whom the sexton dared not openly accuse of the act. Still he determined to put a stop to such violation of the sanctity of the tomb, and this end he achieved by the following simple means. He had in his possession a human skull, to which he had contrived to give an excellent polish and whiteness. This skull he affixed to the end of a stout staff, which he further clothed in white linen, adjusting a portion of the linen in the form of a hood round the skull. The following day he re-decorated the tomb, and at night took his station in such a position as to be near without running the risk of being seen. The spoiler of the grave came as usual, and commenced his infernal work; but ere he had touched the new-planted laurel, or disturbed the budding rose, a mournful groan, full of reproach, quivered in the air. The man bounded to his feet, and stared convulsively about him. At that moment, just as the moon emerged from out a bank of clouds, and shed its ghastly rays on the gray tombstones, a spirit form, draped in white, with a fleshless, eyeless skull, came out from behind an adjacent tomb and advanced toward him. A shrill cry of horror burst from the spoiler, and he fell senseless to the ground. When he recovered, the light of reason had forever departed from him.

To say that I entered upon the last phase of my plan without considerable hesitation—nay, apprehension—would appear rash confession on my part. Of course, from the first,

I was provided with a long list of cases, in which persons afflicted with even chronic disorders had been cured by sudden shocks of either a mental or physical kind; and I sought consolation in the fact that, if the worst results ensued from my treatment, I should have done my patient little real injury, for life, in the character of an idiot, was of small value to himself, and certainly more a curse than a blessing to others. But, would the world think so?—would Mr. Bellman think so? In short, as my professional existence was at stake, I deliberated over the subject for several days, finally coming to the determination to a bold policy, as best suited to the requirements of the case.

The night I had fixed upon came at last—dark and stormy. A hurricane of wind dashed torrents of rain against the window, and shook the house with its fury; it howled and it moaned, as if whole herds of lost spirits were rushing past to destruction, and the heavy pattering of the rain sounded like avenging angels in pursuit of them. The house stood by itself, some hundred yards distant from the nearest dwelling, and within sight of the then tempestuous ocean, which could be heard beating, with a monotonous roar, against the rocky and precipitous cliffs. Young Bellman was always agitated and nervous in such weather, and, therefore, previous to his retiring to rest that night, I had administered to him a little opium in some warm spirits. About twelve o'clock at night, having arranged our plan of action, I sought, followed by the servant and the page, the chamber of the slumbering idiot. The dim light of the lamp showed that he was in a deep sleep; a pleasing, if vacant, smile was on his face—it was evident that he was dreaming a happy dream, and it seemed barbarous on our part to dispel the bright illusion. We each took our places in silence; I and the woman behind the bed-curtains, and the page at the side of the bed. I was provided with a trumpet, the servant with an old pair of military cymbals, and the page was clothed in white linen, which enveloped him completely, passing over his head and arms, so that he presented the aspect of a terrible white spectre. At a given signal the trumpet brayed out, and the cymbals clashed and clanged with such horrid noise, in the stillness of the night, as would almost have woken the dead. The idiot, startled by the unearthly din, fairly leaped into a kneeling position, and glared fearfully about him, in such a state of partial and drowsy unconsciousness, that he heard and saw nothing. Again the trumpet and the cymbals invaded the solemn silence; and then, the awful valled apparition in white meeting the idiot's sight, now fully awakened, he was seized with a strong fit of convulsive fright, and fell on his face in the bed, in a pitiable condition of hysterical fear.

Trumpet, cymbals and disguise were thrown quickly aside, and all our efforts were directed to the recovery of the patient. Fit after fit followed with increasing violence, to which he was able to oppose less and less resistance, and seemed fast verging into a state of collapse. Bottles of hot water were placed at his feet; blood was freely let from his arm, and his head was shaved. The convulsive fits abated, but his weakness was alarming, and collapse seemed inevitable. I grew frightened at the aspect of the case. I hesitated whether I should send for one of my rivals, Dr. B. or C., and consult with him. At last, in my desperation, I adopted a desperate remedy. I administered a powerful sedative and narcotic, to see if I could induce sleep before complete prostration of the physical powers set in. Under its influence, my patient sank into sleep; though so feeble was he that the action of the heart could scarcely be detected, and his breath hardly dimmed the polished mirror when held to his lips.

At the end of three or four hours, respiration became stronger and more regular, the beating of the heart and the pulse plainly increased, and a slight perspiration was visible on the upper lip. Extra blankets were heaped on the bed, and before two more hours had elapsed the patient was in a profuse sweat. At this juncture I withdrew with the woman-servant, for in case of the patient waking suddenly, the presence of two persons odious to his sight was not likely to conduce to recovery. I dispatched the servant into the town to hire a young woman as a nurse, while I prepared a strengthening stimulative mixture for the patient. All this time I was in a state of the utmost nervous anxiety as to the success or failure of my theory.

After a long absence, the woman-servant returned with a girl about twenty, who, although rather too young, was the only person she could meet with who would consent to undertake the duties of nurse to an idiot.

The morning, afternoon and evening of that day passed by, and as there seemed no probability of young Bellman awaking, I sent the servant and the page to their respective beds, while I sought rest on a sofa, leaving the nurse to watch at the bedside of the patient, with injunctions to call me when he awoke.

In the middle of the night I was aroused by the nurse, who informed me that the patient was awake and asking for drink. I gave her the mixture I had prepared, and directed her to give him a glassful. I followed her to the sick-chamber, and posted myself behind the door, to listen to and observe the actions of the patient. When the mixture was presented to him, he clutched eagerly at the glass, and carried it quickly to his lips; but after swallowing a small portion of its contents, he rejected it, and made evident signs that it was nauseous to his palate. This was a favorable prognostic, and I rubbed my hands in brisk gladness at the sight; for, when in a state of idiocy, the most loathsome as well as the most delicious viands seemed equally tasty to him, and he would devour a tallow-candle with as much relish as he would munch a pigeon-pasty. The nurse next offered him a basin of beef-tea. This he partook of with avidity, after which he again fell asleep before he could make any other sign

that could be construed as favorable or the reverse.

It would be uninteresting for me to follow minutely through all its variations of progress the approach of my patient to convalescence. A fortnight elapsed before he was able to rise from his bed, and another week before I allowed myself to enter into his presence. He started on my entrance into the room where he was, as if my face was familiar to him, but he evinced no repugnance to my society. So careful was I in my endeavors to ascertain the true state of his mind, that the third month of his residence with me had almost expired before I could pronounce a positive verdict in his favor—he was in perfect possession of his mental powers. The only difference noticeable betwixt him and other youths of his age was, that he spoke with unnecessary deliberation, like one who has to collect his scattered thoughts before giving utterance to them. This might have been partly attributable to the paucity of words at his command, and was a defect that would soon disappear. Altogether, his condition was so much beyond my anticipations, that, instead of becoming inflated with success, I grew seriously conscious of the magnitude of the task I had undertaken, and was more willing to ascribe the praise to adventitious circumstances than to any prescience I had exhibited in the matter.

Five years have passed since then. Young Bellman is now a stalwart fellow, with a countenance brimful of intelligence. The only time he ever alarmed his friends with a prospect of a relapse into his former state was when he first asked his father's consent to his marriage with a pretty woman of T—, of rather a low extraction. A blank refusal was his reply. But he argued his case with so much reason, and has been so persistent withal, that his father has been forced to give way, and allow the son to contract a *mésalliance* in preference to running the risk of disturbing the regained equilibrium of his mind. The girl has great claims to beauty, has a simple, unaffected country style, and will, I have no doubt, make an excellent wife.

In conclusion, I would say that, although my theory proved so successful in practice, I cannot advise others to adopt it as a fixed principle in mental disorders. It was certainly an inspiration suited only to this particular case, and as such to be regarded; like the occasional generosity of a miser, as exceptional and as little to be relied on.

HOME LATE.

THE last glass of wine sipped to the long health of his particular friend on New Year's night has rendered Mr. Wiggins unusually good-natured and thoughtful. He is capable of distinguishing the hour of the evening, or more correctly, the morning, and with a praiseworthy regard for his wife's quietness, he benevolently determines to slip into the house and seek his couch without disturbing "the de—(hic)—ar owechur."

To make more successful his beneficent design, he has taken off his boots, and in his stocking-feet has made accurate bearings of his house and selected the locality where the bed-chamber was when he left his dwelling the last morning. The prudent wife has left the door unlocked for her considerate liege, and he cautiously turns the knob, and with a roguish smile struggling to express itself upon his angular face, he steps noiselessly over the sill, and has reached port. A suppressed laugh at his clever trick throws up his head until the full glare of the lamp spreads over him, and lo! a stern figure seems fastened to a chair, one hand holding a book by the side, while the other has a watch in position for noting the exact hour.

Somehow he fails to recognize the rigid face, and begins to think he has brought up in some one else's house after all his caution; but a few words from the figure before him sets him all right on the score of identification.

"Two o'clock to-morrow, is it? Well, my—(hic)—dear, them two hours, you know—(hic)—oh, my!—were the happiest of your life. Your health was drink, drunk—that is, tenderly swal—(hic)—lowed all that time. I'm sure, my dear, you must feel better—(hic)—for it; now don't you?"

A finger points to the couch, and the miserable Caudle follows its direction, as a mariner does the North Star.

THE LATE GEORGE HOLLAND.

MR. GEORGE HOLLAND, the famous comedian and veteran of the stage, died on the morning of the 20th of December, at his residence in New York, in the eighty-first year of his age. It was only on the 16th of May last that the aged actor bid farewell to the stage forever, at a benefit tendered him by a host of warm personal friends, in the Fifth Avenue Theatre. His life was a singularly industrious one, and was replete with strange vicissitudes. Through all his varying fortunes his extreme good nature and drollery kept him far above melancholy thoughts. Flashes of wit and deeds of modest worth eclipsed the clouds of trouble that passed over his head, and made him the master of his circumstances. He was naturally eccentric, and his methods of diffusing good cheer about himself and friends were often of a strikingly original spirit; yet he always accomplished his generous intentions. In losing him, the stage loses the last of the old actors—the last link that binds the present generation of play-goers to the generation of Garrick and Mrs. Siddons. He leaves to his profession the legacy of a good example. The fame that he acquired was honorably won, for he always worked hard—he always respected his calling, and he conscientiously fulfilled his obligations in every relation of life. He leaves a widow and several children.

Mr. Holland was born in London, and at

though given good educational advantages, found more pleasure in cricket than in his books. He was a member of a boat club; he could—and frequently did—row himself from London Bridge to Richmond and back again, twenty miles each way. At Dublin he found his father's old friend, Mr. Smith, of Astley's Amphitheatre. By this gentleman he was kindly received, and under his direction he made himself useful in the riding-school, and became proficient as a rider and a manager of horses. The evenings he passed at the Crow Street Theatre. This equestrian and dramatic period of his experience, however, was of brief duration, as he became a commercial traveler. For two years George Holland drove a mercer's cart all over Ireland; and in every town he was successful and popular. In 1816, Holland, at the age of twenty-five, was set up in business for himself, to sell bobinet-lace. The bobinet-lace business lasted six months, when George settled his affairs, took down his sign and returned to England—to embark on that theatrical current which has continued, through many vicissitudes of fortune, down to the present year.

After a series of engagements in England, he sailed for this country in August, 1827, at the invitation of Junius Brutus Booth. The Bowery Theatre was a very important institution in the dramatic world when George Holland came to this country; and his appearance there, on the 12th of September, 1827, naturally attracted much attention. Afterward he played at the Federal Street Theatre, in Boston—long the favorite shrine of the dramatic muse, but now blotted out forever. Then he returned to New York and established his residence at Yorkville. He performed awhile at Albany. On the 21st of January, 1829, he made his first appearance at New Orleans in the Pearl Street Theatre, afterward called the Academy of Music. In the same year he acted at Louisville, Cincinnati, Natchez, Vicksburg, Montgomery, Mobile, Philadelphia, Boston, Salem and Providence.

In 1853 Holland was a member of Burton's company, in New York. On the 10th of August in that year, on the occasion of the opening of the theatre, he acted *Sunnyside*, in "A Capital Match," and Thomas in "The Secret." In the meantime Wallack's Theatre—at first called Wallack's Lyceum—had been opened on the 8th of September, 1852; and in the third season George Holland was added to the company, appearing on the 12th of September, 1855, as Chubb, in John Brougham's "Game of Love." With Wallack's he remained connected—succeeding only once, which was in the panic days of 1857, when he joined Christy's Minstrels—until the end of the season of 1867-68. His last engagement was made with Mr. Augustin Daly, and in the season of 1869-70 he acted several times at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. His last professional appearance was made there on the 12th of January, 1870, as the Reporter, in the farcical comedy of "Surf."

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

NILSSON is reported affianced to a London banker.

SIGNOR TORRIANO is chosen President of the Italian Senate.

CLARA BARTON is organizing and managing hospitals in Alsatia.

PRESIDENT GRANT intends to make a tour of the Pacific States next spring.

"PORTE CRAYON" (David H. Strother) assumes the *West Virginia Herald*.

QUEEN VICTORIA and daughters have four special dressmakers between them.

LADY PIGOTT, an English lady very famous as an agriculturist, is nursing the wounded at Metz.

MR. PETER RICHINGS, father of Caroline Richings, had his collar-bone broken in Media, Pa., recently.

DR. S. ROGERS, of Keokuk, Ia., has been appointed physician to the Indians of Washington Territory.

SENATOR AND MRS. SPRAGUE will sail for Europe early in the spring. Miss Chase will accompany them.

MR. MCGARTLAND, the only man that was saved from the wreck of the steamer Cambria, is reported insane.

AT the Brazilian Legation in Washington, the advent of the Emperor Dom Pedro and daughters in 1871, is announced.

NAPOLEON III. is growing fat at Wilhelmshöhe. He has as much to eat as he did at the Tuileries, and much less on his mind.

BISHOP WILLIAMS, of Connecticut, is in such a condition of health that the doctors have ordered him out of service for the present.

THE Czarowitz and his young wife have been protracting their visit to Denmark. He is said to have most decided German antipathies.

IF the Prussian King accepts the German imperial crown, he will assume the title of "Kaiser von Preussen und Schirmherr von Deutschland."

THE first American lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows was instituted at Stuttgart a few days ago, by Dr. J. F. Morse, of California.

MARK WALTON, the last of the "old guard" of New Orleans merchants, died recently in that city, at the advanced age of eighty-five years.

THE Hon. Ginery Twitchell, M. C. from Massachusetts, commenced his public career on the stage. He occupied the box, and excelled as a driver.

SIR RODERICK MURCHISON, President of the Royal Geographical Society, has had a terrible stroke of paralysis, which has left him in a very precarious condition.

SENATOR MORRILL, of Maine, is able to leave his room and walk about, and there is now every reason to believe that his health will soon be fully restored.

HEDWIG KNUDLE, a young German woman from Coblenz, who displayed great bravery in nursing the wounded on the recent battle-fields, sometimes in the midst of the fighting, has been decorated with the Iron Cross by King William, and appointed superintendent of the hospital at Versailles.



WACO, TEXAS.—SUSPENSION BRIDGE OVER THE BRAZOS RIVER.

NEW SUSPENSION BRIDGE, WACO, TEXAS.

WACO, an old Indian village on the right bank of the Brazos River, Texas, has treated itself to an ornamental and substantial wire suspension bridge, which speaks well for the enterprise of her business men. The builder of the bridge was Thomas M. Griffith engineer.

The attentions of the royal lady were highly appreciated by the wounded veterans.

THE HERMIT WOMAN AT COLD SPRING HARBOR, L. I.

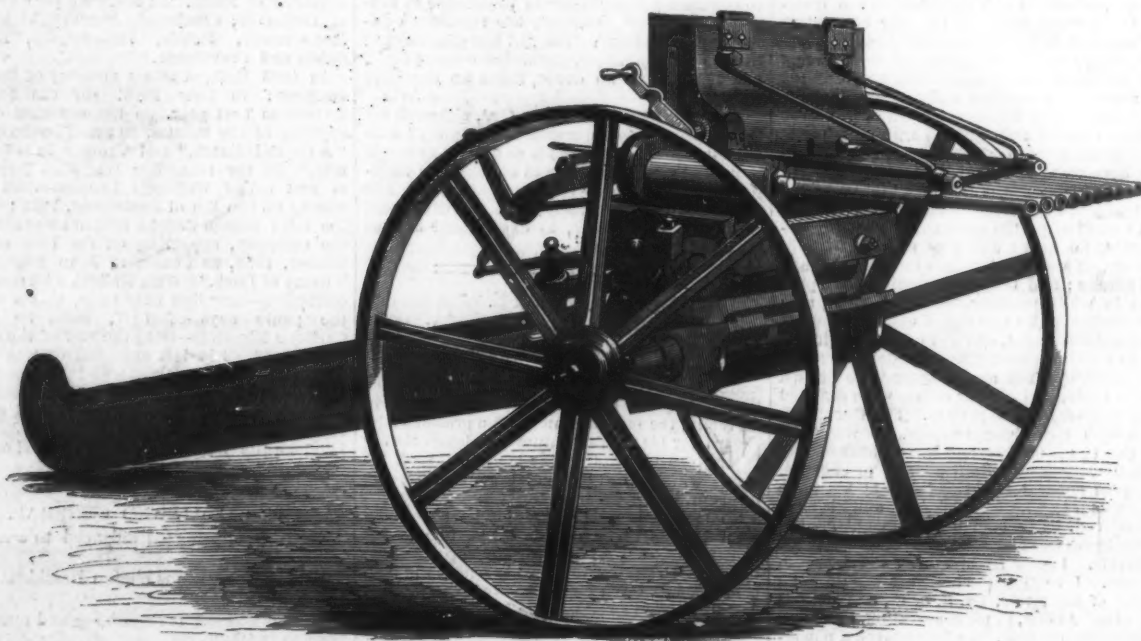
THE north shore of Long Island, unlike the southern coast, is indented with a succession of fine bays and inlets, that of Cold Spring ex-

A ripple of activity came over them last summer by the discovery of a female, who in her old age had adopted the life of a hermit, on the borders of the beautiful little Lake of St. John. She has dug an excavation in a bank in a forest, whose foliage overshadows the water at a place where two trees are growing together. These she has boarded up, with some rough pieces of plank, which she picked

from, who she is, or why she became a hermit, nobody has yet been able to learn. She certainly showed good sense in selecting such an admirable location for her lonely life.

ENTRY OF KING WILLIAM INTO VERSAILLES.

On the 5th of October, King William made his entry into Versailles, and took up his headquarters at the grand palace of Louis XIV.



NEW MITRAILLEUR, EMPLOYED BY VON DER TANN, THE INVENTION OF LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ALBERTINI.

of New York, whose practical judgment was put to a severe strain. The work was constructed in a town where there were no machine shops, and at a long distance from any, with the means of communication slow and tedious. This being the case, he was obliged to improvise much of the machinery used in the construction of the bridge.

The new bridge will prove of inestimable benefit to the business men of Waco and adjacent towns, and will compare favorably with similar structures belonging to larger and more wealthy cities.

THE CROWN-PRINCESS OF PRUSSIA AT THE BARRACK HOSPITAL.

On the 13th of September last, after the arrival of a large number of wounded men from the battle-field, Victoria, Crown-Princess of Prussia, paid a special and lengthy visit to the hospital barrack at Frankfurt-on-the-Main, where some of the severest cases had been taken. Her majesty spoke friendly and sympathetic words to each of the soldiers, and was much moved by their recitals of the horrors of battle. Our engraving represents the princess, with Chamberlain Von Normann on her left; Von Madai, President of the Police, stands behind her, while staff-physician Von Bittkow (the officer with spectacles) and hospital-physician Uthke are close by.

celling all others in beauty and capacity. The scenery is of the most varied type, and the locality a charming retreat for persons desiring quietude. The inhabitants of Cold Spring Harbor seem to emulate Rip Van Winkle, in a sleep from which the demands of progress do not arouse them.

up in the neighborhood, and from these to the bank over the excavation she has placed some saplings as rafters for a roof of dried leaves and straw. In this primitive dwelling she lives, and has lived for years, subsisting no one knows how, and drawing water for her scanty meals from an icy spring near by. Where she came

THE LATE GEORGE HOLLAND, COMEDIAN.
SEE PAGE 283.

His reception was a most cordial one. The Crown-Prince of Prussia, accompanied by his full staff, rode forward to meet his father, who was likewise attended, and their greetings were of a modest and tender nature. The King grasped heartily the proffered hands of his son's officers and advisers, and for the time it seemed as if some holiday pageant of peace were transpiring, instead of an episode of war.

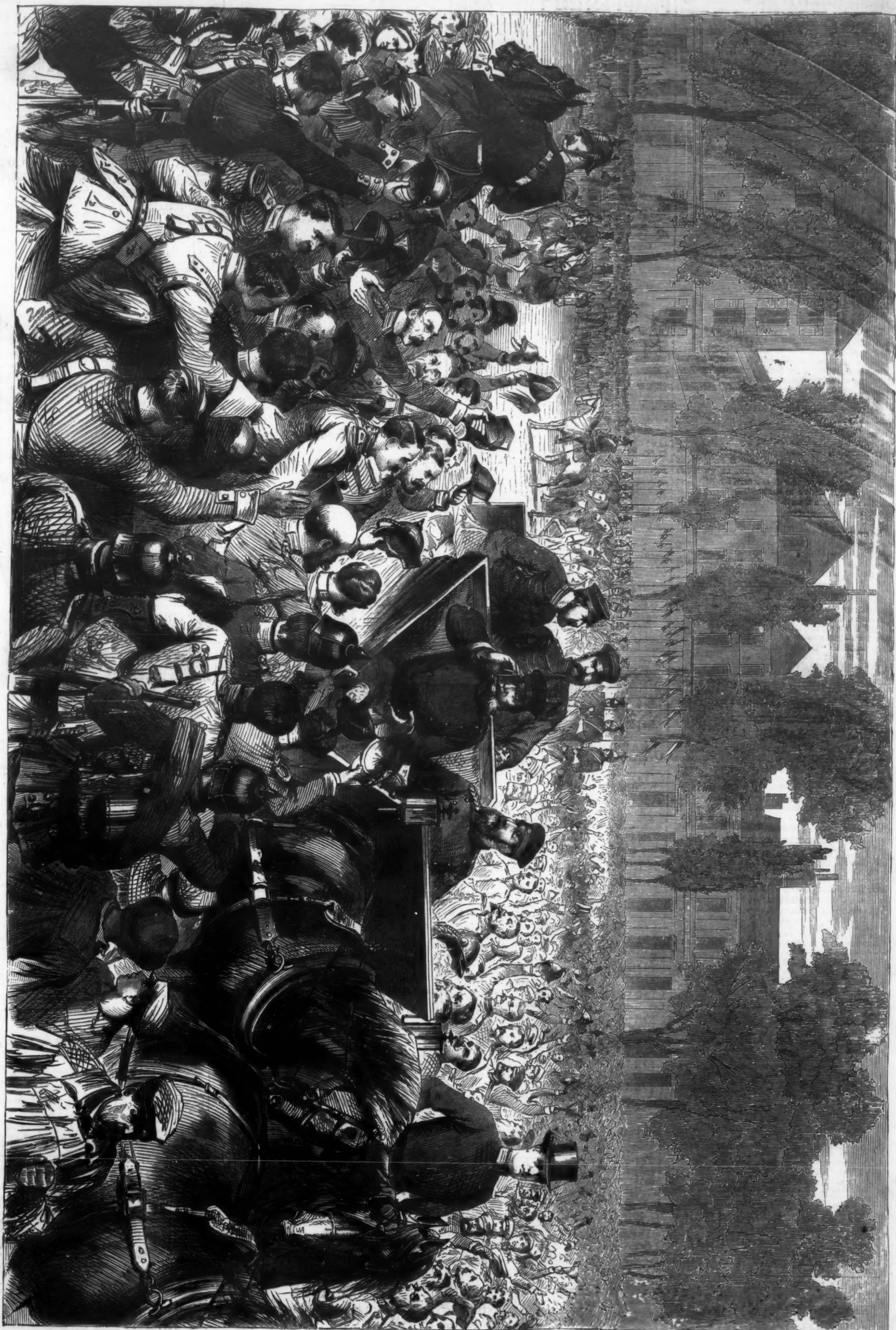
NEWLY INVENTED PRUSSIAN MITRAILLEUR.

VARIOUS forms of that terrible weapon, the Gatling gun, have been developed and expanded into being by the exigencies of the European war.

One of the most elaborate yet known was recently used with deadly effect in the advance of Von Der Tann. This fearful arm, represented in our illustration, is the invention of Lieutenant-Colonel Albertini. It excels the French forms of the mitrailleuse by its complete mechanism. The crank which governs the action of the machine loads the barrels mechanically from the store of cartridges contained in the box seen behind their breeches; and the barrels, after the discharge, are cleaned by another part of the mechanism. The vast activity with which the ten barrels can thus be loaded and fired produces a multiplied fire more tremendous than anything previously known. This machine, in fact, loads all its barrels eighteen or twenty times in one minute, or altogether delivers 900 to 1,000 shots in sixty seconds.



LONG ISLAND.—THE HERMIT-WOMAN OF COLD SPRING HARBOR.



FRANCE.—FORMAL ENTRY AND RECEPTION OF KING WILLIAM IN VERSAILLES, OCTOBER 5, 1870.—SEE PAGE 284.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS AT ALTMAN'S.—The season of festivity has approached when the human heart expands with generosity and benevolence, and there arises the question of presents. Should any of our readers be in a quandary how best to dispense their surplus dollars, an inspection of the magnificent stock of dresses, suits, fancy goods of all kinds at Altman's Fashionable Bazaar, Sixth avenue and Twenty-first street, will well repay a visit.

THE skates manufactured by Barney & Berry, of Springfield, Mass., have attained the highest reputation in the estimate of professional skaters. Their Club, Rink and Plated Skates, fitted alike for ladies and gentlemen, are finely finished, very durable, and extremely light on the feet. With any degree of care they will not get out of order, and the steel being accurately tempered, the blades hold their edge longer than any others.

INTERESTING TO LADIES.

I HAVE had a Grover & Baker Sewing Machine, and it has been a faithful companion for the last fifteen years. It was the first Sewing Machine in this County, and to the present time it has done its work to perfection. We now have the Singer, Florence, and Wheeler & Wilson around us, but they are no comparison to our Grover & Baker.

Mrs. H. O. WILSON,
Stoughton, Pa.

THE Figures illustrated in our paper a couple of weeks since, representing "A Jewish Wedding," which were on exhibition at the late Hebrew Fair, were drawn by Mr. Ehrlich, of 287 Eighth Avenue, who will display them during the week in the show-window of his Temple of Fashion. This, in connection with the low prices at which he has marked down his immense stock of holiday goods, toys, millinery goods, etc., cannot fail of drawing large numbers to his elegant establishment.

PARTIES purchasing liquor for the holidays and medicinal purposes can find the purest and oldest RARE WINES and LIQUORS at Clark & Son, No. 75 Liberty street, in quantities to suit, at wholesale prices. The senior partner of this firm, Mr. Abraham B. Clark, is well known to the public as the senior of the late well-known firm, A. Bininger & Co. 795-97

If every man who spends money in advertising would go or send to George P. Rowell & Co., the New York agents for most of the newspapers published in the United States, the number of successful advertisers would be largely increased.

MESSERS. H. O'NEILL & Co., 329 Sixth avenue, have just the nicest assortment of velvets, velveteens, Roman sashes and scarfs, kid gloves, French flowers and plumes, of any establishment in New York—and possess a stock valued at \$100,000—to select from. "Go to O'NEILL'S."

At Ford's, 311 Sixth avenue, the ladies will, at all times, find the richest and most varied display of embroideries, laces, cuffs, collars, ribbons. We wish for this enterprising gentleman a large patronage.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.

I HAVE used Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing-Machine for the past six years, and it has in all respects surpassed my highest expectations. During this time, though I have done all my family sewing upon it, it has not needed the slightest repair, and I am still using the needles I got with the machine, never having either broken or bent one.

Mrs. S. W. BURCKETT.
No. 3 Seventh Ave., Brooklyn.

To Cure a Cough, Cold, or Sore Throat,
USE **BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.**
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For Freckles, Tan, Moth-Patches, and Sallowness.

Use DR. FÉLIX GOURAUD'S Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier. Prepared by him the past thirty-one years, and positively reliable, and warranted free from lead and all mineral ingredients. To be had at Dr. Gouraud's old depot, 48 Bond St., N. Y., and dealers.

FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES AND TAN,
USE **PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION.** It is reliable and harmless. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond street, New York. Sold by druggists everywhere. 794-806

BOOSEY'S STANDARD OPERAS for VOICE AND PIANO-FORTE. Edited by Arthur Sullivan. The complete series, unabridged, with Italian and English words. Price One Dollar each. The Operas will be printed from new type on the finest paper, large 8vo, in volumes containing 200 to 270 pages each. They will appear fortnightly, commencing in the following order:

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- " 15. FIDELIO, with the four Overtures.
- Dec. 1. IL BARBIERE.
- " 15. LA SONNAMBULA.
- Jan. 1. MARTHA.
- " 15. IL TROVATORE.

Subscribers' names will be received by all Music-sellers and Booksellers in the States, or by the Publishers, BOOSEY & CO., 4 Bond street, New York.

OXYGENIZED AIR, a cure for Scrofula, Catarrh and Consumption. Send address for pamphlet to Dr. C. L. BLOOD, Boston, Mass. 792-95

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New York, Dec. 24, 1870.

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Within the past three months a very large amount of Fifty-Two Bonds have been funded through our office into the FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS of the CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY, besides large sales of the same securities for new investments.

We deal in Central Pacific Bonds the same as in Government Securities, and regard them as affording the desired medium for funding Fifty-Two Bonds, without reduction of interest and with unimpaired security. They are all Coupon Bonds of \$1,000 each, interest payable Jan. 1 and July 1.

They are well known, and have a ready market in all the money centres of this country and Europe, are daily quoted at the Stock Exchange, and can be sold at current market prices as readily as the Bonds of the Government.

We keep a supply of these securities on hand, and furnish them at current market price, which to-day is 92½@93.

We continue, as heretofore, to buy and sell Government Bonds, make Collections, receive Deposits, subject to check at sight without notice, and allow interest on balances, and do a general Banking business.

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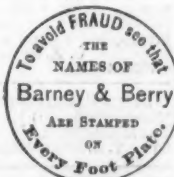


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